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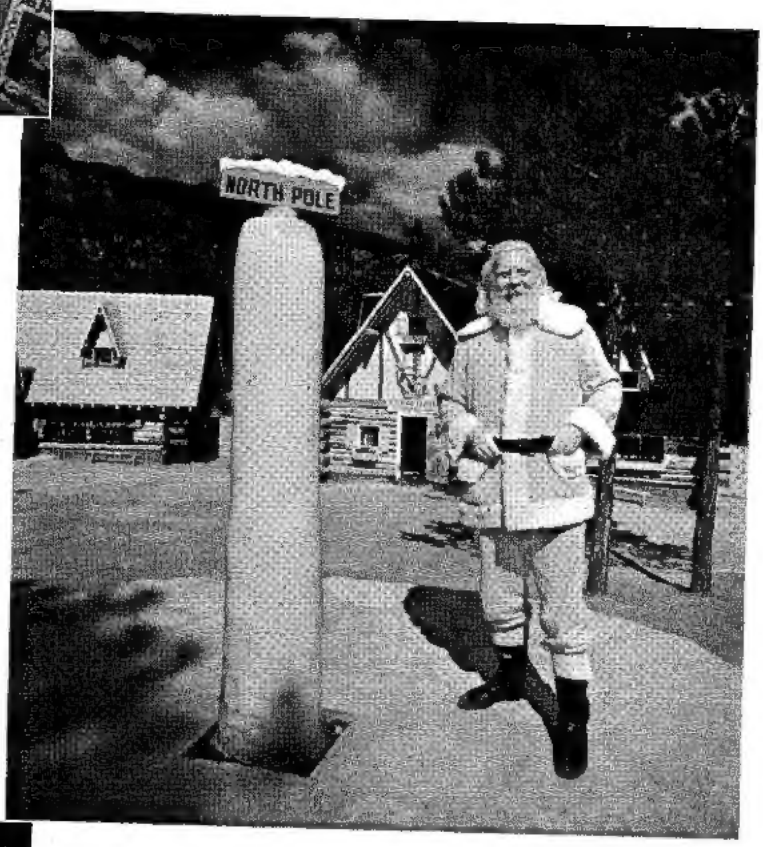

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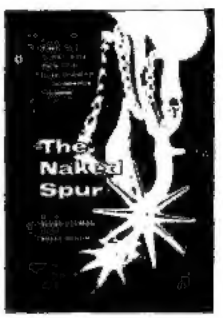

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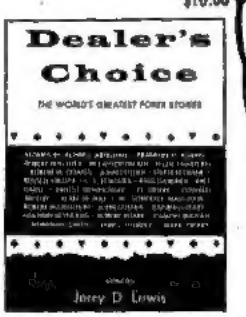

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Coming Up!

NEXT issue we conclude the popular Indian Tribal Series with the chapter on the Sioux. Norm Wiltsey's "Death on the North Plains" picks up the thrilling saga of the Sioux with the Minnesota outbreak against the whites in 1862, carries it through "Red Cloud's War" and the Crook and Custer campaigns, and ends with the tragic affair at Wounded Knee in December of 1890.

Fay E. Smith, in "I Spent Christmas on a Horse," tells of a rugged ride he made through a blizzard in 1911. He wasn't packing a gun, and the situation got mighty serious when two hungry lobo wolves took to trailing Fay and his tired horse.

J. Frank Dobie's yarn "The Mezcla Man" is about a certain rich ranchero who possessed more sheep and more wool than any other. This old ranchero also had more gold than any other man. And he was very cunning—so cunning and courageous, in fact, that not even the imminence of death made him reveal his hoard to the Bandidos who came in the night to rob him. In all the country of the San Casimero there is no more fascinating tale than that of "The Mezcla Man."

"GREEN River Shindig" by Mark Howe will give you a vivid picture of one of the most exciting affairs ever held on the old frontier—the annual trappers' rendezvous at Green River, in present Wyoming. In the words of the author, the attractions at Green River were "liquor, beaver, and coquettish young squaws—a combination that spelled dynamite any time on the frontier." A fact which young Kit Carson was soon to discover.

"Christmas in a Canyon," by J. C. Tolman, is the story of a remarkable Christmas Day spent in fabulous Palo Duro Canyon in the Llano Estacado, the great Staked Plain in Texas' Panhandle. But it is much more than a Christmas story; it is an accurate, absorbing account of the daily lives of the rugged surveyors of the 1880's, the men who ran their lines across the vast, rolling Plains. If you are a bit tired of gunfighters and badmen, this simple homey story of ordinary Westerners and their work will delight you.

A dark and bloody chapter in the history of the West concerns the many bitter feuds that flared between neighbors over boundary lines, grazing rights, etc. "Muddy Creek Feud," by Gene Sperry, tells of one of the most tragic of these affairs—a feud precipitated by the itchy trigger finger of a sixteen-year-old boy.

All you lovers of lost mine stories prepare yourselves for a shock when you read Dr. E. R. Harrington's provocative article "I'm SICK of Lost Mines!" The good doctor sent along a note with his manuscript, saying that he expected us to ship it back fast since it pokes fun at stories of fabulous lost mines and buried treasures. He says nobody ever finds these treasures any more. Come to our rescue quick! We want articles with REAL PROOF that you are STILL finding lost mines and buried treasures. If it is too short for an article, we'll put it in the letters department.

"Of all the famous women of the old west, none has been cloaked with more contradictory legends than the notorious Calamity Jane," writes Kathryn Wright at the beginning of her article, "The REAL Calamity Jane." Martha Jane Cannary left a written record of her life on the boisterous frontier, and Kathryn Wright has used excerpts from this little-known record to authenticate and enliven her story. Complete with old-time photographs.

"Wild Old Days" and "Truly Western" top off the December issue like a crack bronc-twister topping off a lively bronc.

See you later, Podner . . .

September-October, 1957
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Whole No. 23

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Truly Western

Old-Timers Corral

Newspaper clipping and photo sent in by S. E. Roberts, Bend, Oregon. "Description of Harry Tracy, as given by the Oregon prison authorities, follows:

"Harry Tracy-Age 27 years; height, 5 feet, 8½ inches; weight 160 pounds (probably 140 pounds now, immediately after capture); Complexion, medium; Hair, light brown; Eyes, blue; Medium build.

"Scars—Pit scar above outside corner of the left eye; pit scar in front of right ear; pit scar right side bridge of nose; cut scar inside second joint left thumb; two cut scars second knuckle left index; cut scar second knuckle left forefinger.

"It will be noted that the above description gives Tracy's hair as light brown. The *News* is informed that his hair is better described as sandy, being light hair with a reddish tinge. His eyes are pale blue, and his complexion inclines to sandy, rather than medium, as described by the prison authorities.

"Tracy's record of crime and the picture of Tracy printed in this issue of the *News* are reproduced from Ainsley's

Harry Tracy

Magazine of October, 1901. He was then written up as one of the most notorious criminals in Western prisons. At that time he was in the Oregon Penitentiary on a 20-year sentence, and 16 charges of robbery were hanging over him in that state. He had escaped from the Utah Penitentiary, after nearly killing a guard with a pistol which had been adroitly given to him by an ex-convict. He is wanted in Colorado for the murder of a sheriff who sought to arrest him for a series of highway robberies.

"The most notable exploit of Tracy and Merrill in Portland (Oregon) was the holding up of a crowded street car, followed by three or four depredations in the business center within as many hours. Tracy was finally suspected and his arrest determined upon. When ordered by Detective Dan Weiner to throw up his hands, Tracy drew his gun, fired twice, was shot at three times by the detective, then fled several blocks, sprang aboard a passing train, ordered the engineer at the point of his revolver to uncouple the engine and open wide the throttle. The detective arrived just then, and Tracy jumped from the engine on the farther side. A large crowd followed in the chase. The son of a man whom Tracy had once held up met him with a loaded shotgun. The lad fired. Tracy stumbled and fell seriously wounded, but before he could be reached by his pursuers he rose to his feet and dashed away. He hid himself in a lodging house, where he was finally arrested nearer dead than alive. Some shot were left in this wound, and the *News* thinks that these have caused him to limp and to say that he had been shot."

More On Harry Tracy

Dear Norm:

I have read Maggie Red Oldham's article on Harry Tracy. She did very well, considering the fact that she had to gather her information from so far back. I wish I could have talked to her before she wrote the article. I would still like to hear from her, as I could tell her of many outlaws and lawmen I have met and known. Such as Bud Cox, who shot three men one night—and whom I got in the woods the next night. Also, Norman Willow who was hung at Dalles, Oregon.

Jack Williams was a deputy in the Sheriff's office under Ed Cudihee, Sheriff of King County; Ed Brewer, City Marshal at Everett, and Charles Raymond, plain-clothes man; all were close friends of mine.

I know just what happened the day Raymond was killed. Cudihee followed Tracy to Mrs. Van Horn's house; it was a dark and cloudy day. Cudihee located the house and wagon, and he could see that there were two men in the house. The extra man in the house had a broken leg. A grocery boy delivered groceries at the house in the evening, and Mrs. Van Horn whispered to him that Tracy was there. When the boy came out, Cudihee sent word by him to notify the chief of police. A game warden and some special officers heard the news, and they said: "Let's go up and grab Tracy before Ed gets him."

When Tracy came out of the house, two of the officers—green at that kind of deadly work—ordered Tracy to throw down his gun. He killed them both and dodged into the woods. Tracy was too tough for inexperienced lawmen to tangle with; a fact he proved over and over.

I am feeling fine; spent my 88th birthday on a trip to Arizona.—Jack Parberry, Rt. 1, Box 29, Scio, Oregon.

Howdy, Mr. Wiltsey:

Here are some excerpts from letters I received in response to my request in TW for letters from "young" old-timers:

Dear Blanche Lovern:

We ran across your letter on old-time riders in *True West*.

I am sorry to have to tell you that my dearly beloved brother, Dave Whyte, died on December 4, 1956, in General Hospital, Los Angeles. . . . Dave wasn't old, barely 63. Some years back, while working with Will Rogers, Jr., he sustained a broken hip from which he never recovered. The immediate cause of his

(Continued on page 46)

FACTUAL WESTERN BOOKS

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FAMOUS GUNFIGHTERS OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER, by W. B. (Bat) Masterson. By a gunfighter about his friends, the famous and notorious. What he thought about Luke Short, Bill Tilghman, Ben Thompson, Doc Holliday, and Wyatt Earp. Learn why he would put Thompson up against these men, or any other. He tells about others, little known, but deadly. The last link with the real frontier by one of the last of the gunfighters. 1000 copies published 1957—never before in book form! Several dozen pages of ACTUAL PHOTOS of these men make this book a milestone in Western history. **$3.50**

ROBERT POTTER, Remarkable N. Carolinian and Texan, by E. C. Shearer. 1951, Houston, 133 pp. Here is the lone book on this explosive Texan. Secretary of the Texas navy, he went to east Texas after the Texian Revolution against Mexico and entered into one feud after another. Here is a real story of the Regulator-Moderator war! His life and times are detailed; all about Mrs. Page, his death. A $4.00 book, but while they last, only **$3.00**

BADMEN OF THE FRONTIER DAYS, by Carl Breihan. 1957. As usual, Carl has done a fine job of research. 215 pp., with many Rose photos and chapters from Murrell to the Daltons, including Plummer, Fisher, Hereo, Bass, Murrow, Kid, Tracy and others. Wanted posters, photos, etc. **$5.00**

TREATING WITH INDIANS On The Santa Fe Trail, 1860-1866, by Wm. H. Ryus, (The 2nd Wm. Penn). 176 pages of true history of his experiences on the Trail, during years when little or no history has survived in the printed page. A real rare find! Published in 1913, we have 50 mint copies (some stain), but a real bargain at only **$3.50**

.45 CALIBER LAW, by Wm. MacLeod Raine. Way of Life of the frontier peace officer, 1941, 84 pp., hard covers. **$2.00**

THE TEXAS VENDETTA, or The Sutton-Taylor Feud, by V. Rose. This famous cattle country feud in S. Texas in the 1870's, 1880's was published in 1880. A facsimile reproduction in approx. 95 pages, with 17 full page Rose photos added to original. Here ride Wes Hardin, Jack Helms, the Taylors, Suttons, the Rangers, State Police, etc. A beautiful book. **$2.50**

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AN AMERICAN FAMILY, by E. N. Clopper. Up's and down's through eight generations from 1650 to 1880. Don't let title fool you; here is an excellent history item with 624 pages with photos tracing the day to day accounts, from diaries, etc., of these people on the frontier. Over half of the book is about their life on the Texas coast during the 1830's and 1840's. Cost over ten dollars per copy to print. Only 500 copies done, now only **$3.50**

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WILD BILL LONGLEY, A Texas Hard-Case, by Bartholomew. Nearly a scarce book already, but we have a few left. Published 1953 in a clothbound edition of 400 copies, 125 pp. with Rose photos. It sold fast. The only book on this notorious gunfighter. Never again will you see this offer in these pages. Clothbound. **$3.50**

MAN BEAST DUST, Story of Rodeo, by C. P. Westermeier. 1948, out-of-print, signed by author. 450 pages of rodeo and history, including photographs. While our small stock lasts **$3.00**

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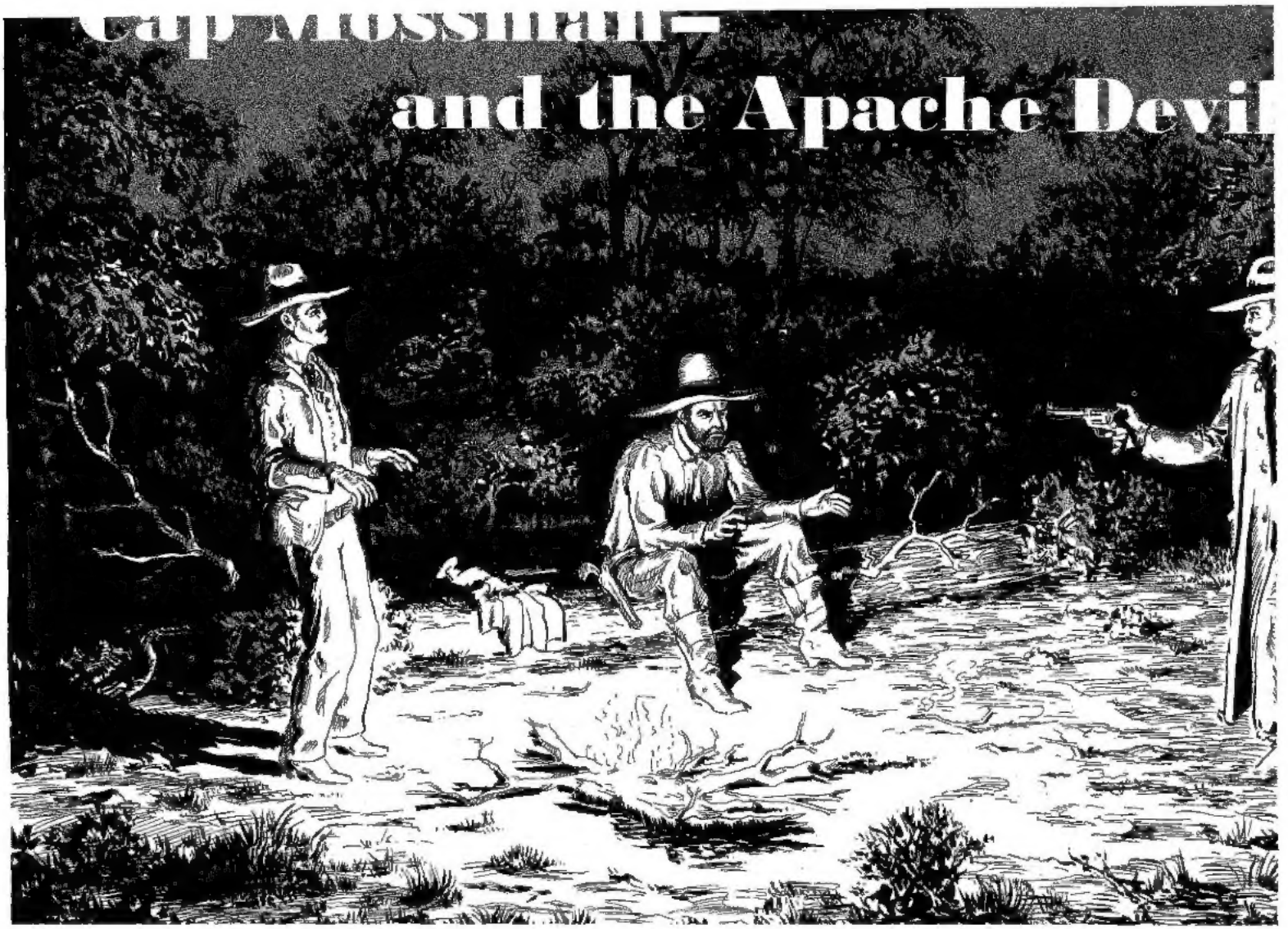
Cap Mossman and the Apache Devil



Cattleman Burton C Mossman earned his famous title of "Cap" as leader of the Arizona Rangers. But it was as a Deputy U. S. Marshal that he captured the dreaded multiple killer, Augustine Chacon, below the border in Mexico

BY GLENN SHIRLEY

AUGUSTINE CHACON was the killingest outlaw ever to run loose in the wild border country of Arizona Territory. He exceeded Billy the Kid in the number to die by his gun. His score was twenty-nine. But that was not what gave him his sinister reputation. He killed men with no more compassion than other people would kill a rattlesnake.

He was tall, powerfully built, with long arms and huge hands, and part Apache. But he felt nothing of the drive for freedom and justice which had inspired the famed Apache leaders Cochise, Mangas Coloradas, and Geronimo. Yet, for all his white blood, he was as stealthy and ruthless as Geronimo himself.

The Mexicans sang of him in their long *canciones* as a man who robbed the rich and gave to the poor, but he was nothing but a murderer and a thief. Yet women were attracted to him, and the poorer Spanish-speaking elements of the mining camps, believing that he was hunted because he had the courage to fight against the conquering *Americanos* who had taken over the land and become wealthy in the process, protected him. With a huge gang of Mexicans, he would cross the border and raid some Arizona ranch house or store, murder the victims and all the witnesses, load his pack animals with plunder and leisurely return to Mexico.

The law had him only once. In 1896, he looted a store at Morenci and butchered the storekeeper. Sheriff Billy Birchfield of Graham County and a posse cornered him in a box canyon, and in the fight, he killed his old friend Pablo Salcido, a deputy, while under truce. Chacon was shot through the body and captured and taken to Solomonville, where he recovered from his wounds and was sentenced to be hanged. But with the help of a very pretty Mexican girl from nearby Morenci, who smuggled him some hacksaw blades bound in the cover of a prayer book, he escaped jail, hid out in the Sierra Madres of Mexico, and continued his forays across the border with increased savagery.

FOR three years he raided and pillaged at will through the cactus and chaparral stretches of the Southwest. He crossed and re-crossed the border so many times he once sent word to Cochise County's famous sheriff, John Slaughter, that he was coming to Tombstone to get him. When he did, Slaughter cut loose on the bandit with a shotgun, and might have killed him had Chacon not reached the edge of a gully and ducked from sight in time to miss the hail of lead.

Another time he killed two prospectors in Eagle Canyon, near Solomonville, where he was under sentence of death, stole a horse, and with a .45-70 rifle,

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"Lift them slowly, Chacon!" Cap said. "or I'll cut you in two!"

Illustrated by B. J. McCausey

Photos from Frontier Pix

also a part of the loot, kept his pursuers at a distance as he fled west. At New River, near Phoenix, he raided a sheep camp, killing two Americans, robbed the stage at Agua Fria, then rode south into the Papago country, playing hide-and-seek with sheriffs' posses for two weeks before he vanished.

His legend outgrew him. Like Murieta of California, the Younger brothers and James boys of Missouri, and the Daltons of Oklahoma, he was accused of most of the unsolved crimes. He grew a bushy, black beard and was nicknamed *Peludo*, the Hairy One. People along the border lived in mortal fear of him. He was at the zenith of his blood-dripped career when a steely-eyed, jut-jawed cowpuncher named Burton C. Mossman rode into Arizona.

Mossman grew up in the rough Territory of New Mexico. He had "cut his teeth on his daddy's six-shooter" fighting cattle rustlers and sheepmen. At an early age, he learned to cuss in two languages, tend his own business, read sign like an Apache, and play a good game of poker.

At twenty-one, he was ramrod of a New Mexico ranch running 8,000 cattle. At twenty-seven, he was manager of the Bloody Basin outfit of northern Arizona, where he accomplished the almost impossible feat of gathering 10,000 cattle from a country too rough for a pack animal. Three years later, he was called to manage the Hash Knife, the most famous of the cow outfits of old Arizona, with two million acres and 60,000 head on the Little Colorado River, and the reputation of being the biggest bunch of killers and thieves in the Territory. Its own cowboys were stealing it blind before Mossman became superintendent.

Mossman selected a few men he could trust, taught them the rudiments of rangeland detective work, and within two years had run the rustler bands out of the country, sent them to prison, or extinguished them. He had a reputation as the best manhunter in Arizona when the Rangers were organized in 1901.

THIS organization was the result of lawless conditions in Arizona at the turn of the century. Nervy little John Slaughter had sort of "pacified" things down in the southeastern corner of the Territory. But after he quit the sheriff's office and retired to his San Bernardino rancho near Douglas, the badmen had drifted in again. All along the Mexican line from Yuma to New Mexico, where miles of mesquite were covered with unprotected cattle, horse thieves and rustlers had "run their own brand on the range." Up across Grand Canyon to the north, stolen stock was run over into Utah and Colorado. No one had made this part of the Territory hot enough to discourage thieves and killers, and it had become a haven for outlaws of every description and color.

It looked like the small cattlemen would have to quit. The big outfits like Slaughter, the Erie Cattle Company, the C. C. C., and Colonel Bill Greene hired armies of fighting men to protect their interests, but they weren't making the rustlers "hard to catch."

The sheriffs and their deputies were practically of no help at all. Many were cattle thieves themselves, or had been. Even when they tried, the rustlers would scatter to the four winds and fade like Apache hostiles.

These were ideal conditions for Augustine Chacon. His depredations and those of men like him were running out capital and settlers. Something had to be done, or "give the thieves a bill of sale to the Territory." When the legislature met in March, they authorized the governor to create a body of men to bring law and order to the country, and Governor Nathan O. Murphy appealed to Mossman to form a Ranger company.

The job paid only a hundred and twenty a month, less than some cowboys were making at the Hash Knife. Mossman's head bookkeeper drew a hundred and twenty-five. But Mossman didn't consider the pay. Six peace officers in six months had been slain, and not one of their killers had been caught. It was a tough country. Someone had to clean it up. Mossman had proved that he was qualified. He felt a duty to Arizona, and had to perform it before he could return to horses and cattle—the life he loved.

He was appointed captain and thereafter became known as "Cap" Mossman. They gave him only thirteen men—one sergeant and twelve privates—but they went to work. They ranged the great Southwestern territory and became as much a part of it as its deserts and hills and valleys. No Northwest Mounted Police, Texas Rangers, or other famous crew of hard-riding, straight-shooting, fearless men ever did more for civilization.

THERE were only fourteen of them, covering an area larger than New England, but they did what hundreds of sheriffs and deputies had failed to do—"slam the fear of God into the whole army of the orneriest hombres who ever straddled leather." They worked swiftly, secretly. Mossman himself took Black Jack Christian's trail and, single-handed, ran him and his gang of killers into the White Mountains of New Mexico, and they never came back. He captured scores of others.

Stories of his prowess became legends. But at the top of his most wanted criminals list still stood the gaunt, whiskered figure of Augustine Chacon. It was a matter of honor that he get him.

Governor Murphy demanded it. Territorial politicians were making a great deal of banter about it, and Cap's enemies, including sheriffs envious of his reputation, were quick to point up his failure. For every boast about Cap's success in cleaning up the Territory, someone jibed:

"If he's so good, why don't he get Chacon?"

And Cap would reply, with a grin, "Give me something easy to do."

But the thing stuck in his craw. Chacon was hiding in Mexico, and Arizona

Cap Mossman at around 35 years of age.

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officers had no legal right to cross into Mexico to kill or capture Mexican citizens. The privilege of crossing the border applied only to Americans chasing Americans and Mexicans chasing their own nationals.

Mossman passed the word that he would pay plenty to be put on Chacon's trail. He even discussed with his friends possible ways of contacting the outlaw. One was Federal Judge Barnes.

Judge Barnes was a stickler for law enforcement, but he had the confidence of an early day Tombstone character named Burt Alvord. Alvord was a powerfully built man, of dark complexion, part Indian, with the eyes of a killer. He was as tough as Chacon, and as notorious, except for a record of brutal murder. He had worked for John Slaughter as a cowboy, and while Slaughter was sheriff, had served as deputy on various occasions. He had been with Slaughter the night the little lawman had pumped his shotgun blast at Chacon.

Afterwards, Alvord had drifted into cattle rustling, horse-stealing and gunfighting, and at intervals served as marshal in a couple of towns and rode shotgun for Wells Fargo. On the side of the law one moment, against it the next, he had been hard to catch until he and a killer named Bob Downing, who had run with the Sam Bass gang in Texas, an outlaw named Matt Burts, and a snaky little gunman named Billy Stiles, robbed an express car at Cochise Junction, a few miles west of Willcox, and rode back to town to establish alibis.

BILLY STILES got drunk and started dropping ten-dollar gold pieces in the bars, and the four were arrested. Billy Stiles was tricked into confessing, making the paper to which he signed his name not worth a dime. He and Burts and Downing had received only a few dollars each. All the loot had been given to Alvord. Wells Fargo detectives, more interested in recovering the money than convictions, made a deal with Stiles and turned him loose, hoping he could help find the cache.

Stiles went to see Alvord in jail at Tombstone, but Jailer Bravin refused to let him in. So Billy shot Bravin in the legs, took the keys, released his partner, and fled south with him into Sonora. Only Alvord knew where the loot was hidden. Stiles was his tool.

It was logical for Alvord and Chacon to get acquainted. Both were hiding across the border and wanted by the law. Judge Barnes suggested that the best way for Cap to contact Chacon was through Alvord.

"But you might not come back," he warned.

Cap nodded. He knew all about Alvord. The train robber had long been on his wanted list next to Chacon.

The Judge mentioned a point Cap didn't know. Alvord had received a gunshot wound in his right wrist. It had never healed, and pained him terribly.

"I got a hunch he's ready to come in," the Judge said. "We can make a deal with the Governor to get him off with a light sentence if he will take you to Chacon, then come in and surrender. I'll give you a letter to him."

"Where do I find Alvord?" Cap asked.

"That's up to you," the Judge replied. "You might start by asking his wife at Willcox. Tell her I sent you."

Cap found Alvord's wife living almost in poverty. She agreed that he should give himself up and let his friends help him as much as possible. But she had no idea where to find him.

Cap kept checking. He learned that Billy Stiles had a half-brother who was a steam-pump operator in an English smelter at Minas Prietas, on the Nogales-Guaymas railroad down in Sonora. It would be a long trip and a slim chance that he would know Alvord. Cap decided to try. He went to Judge Barnes for the letter.

Judge Barnes put it in his own handwriting, setting out the facts clearly: Alvord stood a good chance of acquittal, as most of the witnesses against him were either dead, in jail, or had left the Territory. If he would help Cap and turn himself in, the Judge would even defend him free of charge. Besides, his wife was lonely. She had consulted him about a divorce. He would advise her to wait a little longer.

"Don't forget, Cap, Alvord's a killer. Good luck!"

Two more of Cap's friends—Sheriff Dell Lewis of Cochise County, and Sheriff Tom Turner of Santa Cruz—warned him to wait a while. Both officers had been down in Sonora on their own, hunting Alvord, without success.

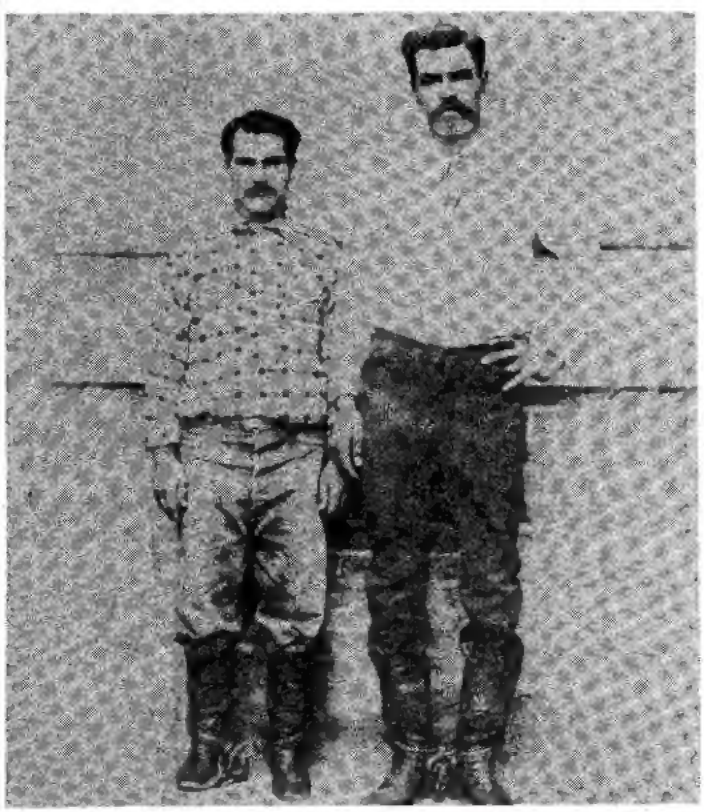
"Burt's all stirred up right now. He's liable to kill you without listening to your proposition."

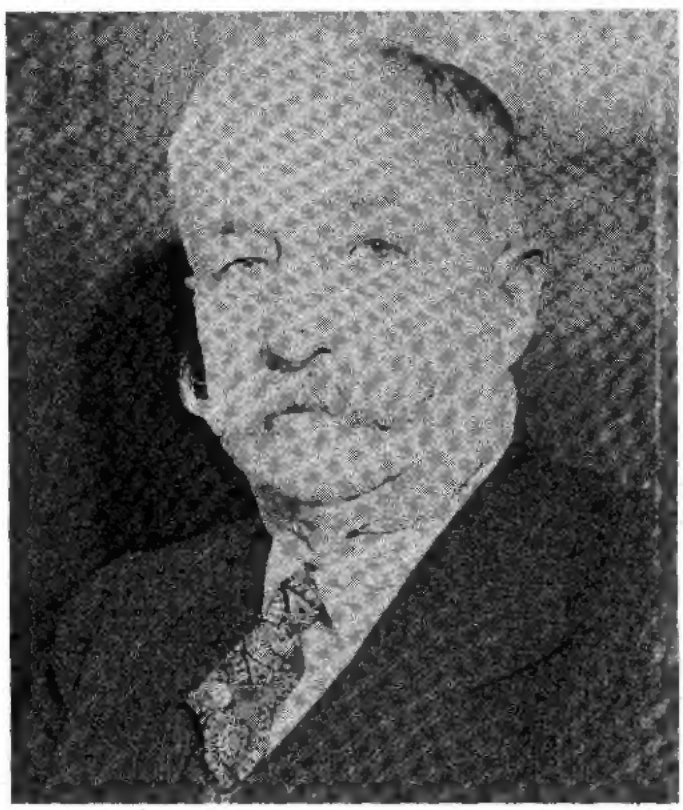
BUT Cap's time was running out. Already it was May. Teddy Roosevelt had become President with the assassination of McKinley, and as Cap often said later, "the devastating blight of the Rough Riders was spreading over the Southwest." A change in territorial governors almost certainly meant a new head for the Rangers. Cap would have to work fast.

He slipped down to Nogales that night and the next morning quietly boarded the train a few minutes before it left for Sonora. At Minas Prietas, he went straight to the manager of the smelter

(Continued on page 32)

Left: Two escaped murderers—Chavez, left, was killed by Sheriff Wakefield in the Santa Rita Mountains; Augustine Chacon, right, was later captured and hung. Right: Burton C. Mossman, first Captain of the Arizona Rangers. Photo made in Spring of 1936.





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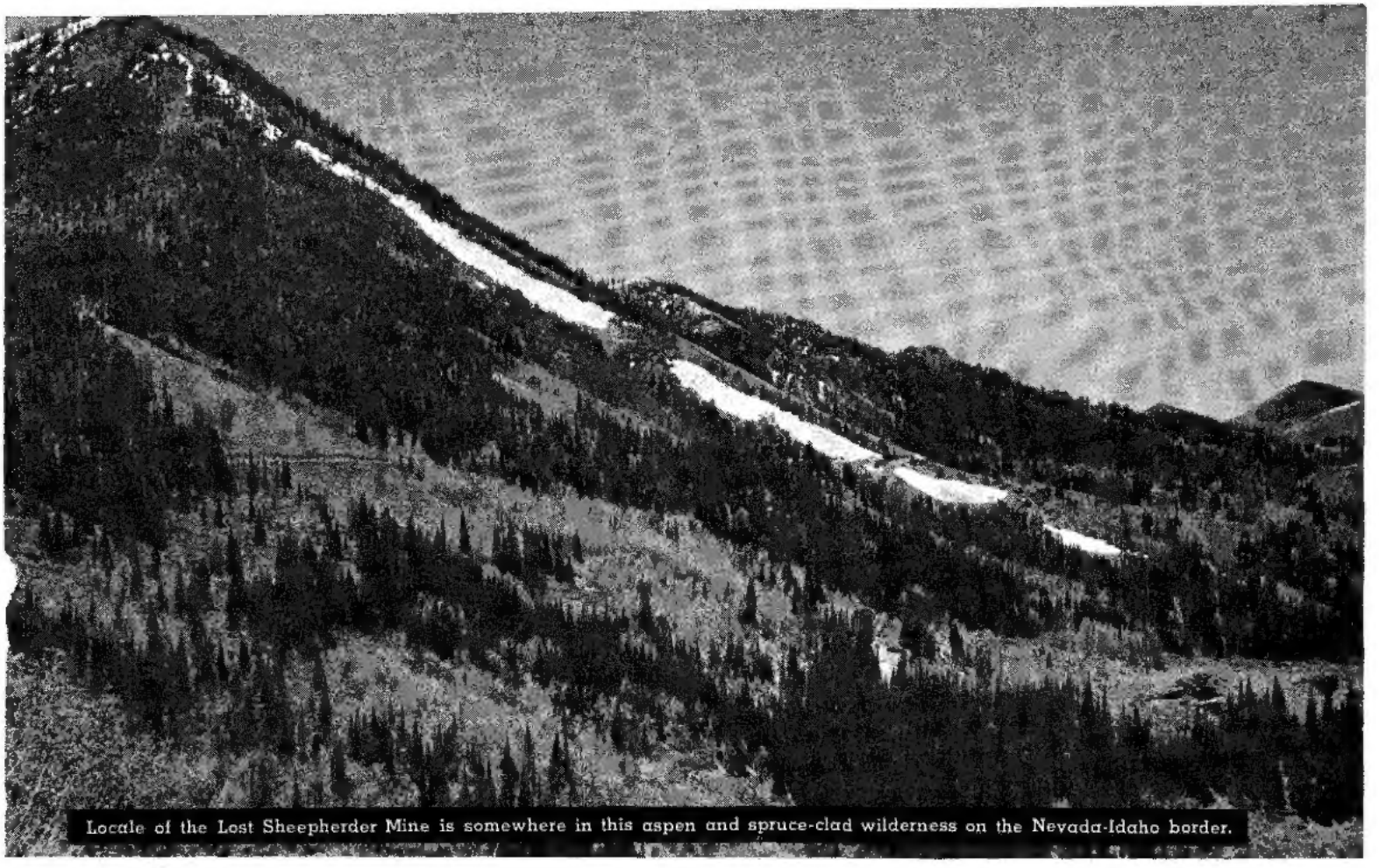

Locale of the Lost Sheepherder Mine is somewhere in this aspen and spruce-clad wilderness on the Nevada-Idaho border.

The grizzled old-timers of the Jarbidge country still yarn of lost gold and the headless skeleton left to guard

The Lost Sheepherder Mine

BY NELL MURBARGER

From Desert Magazine

FROM the old stage station of North Fork, on the headwaters of the Humboldt River, a graded road leads off toward the Idaho border. It is a lonely sort of road that serves no towns and only a few cabins. Sage hens patter along its dusty ruts, or whirr away on stiff wings. Jackrabbits and half-wild range cattle stare curiously at the human intruder.

Crossing the West Fork of the Bruneau, the road climbs toward the little ghosttown of Charleston, into Humboldt National Forest, where the scraggly brush of the desert is succeeded by tangled thickets of small quaking aspen and mountain mahogany. These, in turn, give way to dark aisles of alpine fir and limber pine, and high, barren expanses where it seems possible to look past the edge of the world and half-way into Eternity.

After looping over the tumbled ranges for fifty miles, the road noses sharply down the south wall of Jarbidge Canyon—dropping more than 2000 feet in five miles of corkscrew turns—and deep in the basement of that shadowy gorge, it reaches the old mining camp of Jarbidge, Nevada—population twenty-three.

Summer evenings in Jarbidge find the world a good place in which to be. Suppers eaten and dishes put away, old-timers leave their small log cabins to shuffle up or down the camp's single street to the log cabins of other old-timers. Collecting on doorsteps by twos and threes, they sit in the soft moonlight and listen to crickets chirping, and they puff their pipes, and visit. They talk about who is doing what on the river, and why; and they tell of the Big Deals they expect to close next week, or next month, or next year. And, by and by, their talk drifts back to the days when they and Jarbidge were young, and golden bonanzas of unguessed extent lay only a shovel's length removed.

Then is the time, stranger, to listen well . . . for then it is that old men of the Jarbidge country speak of the Lost Sheepherder Mine and the headless skeleton left to guard it . . .

ALTHOUGH the gold strike that inspired the boom camp of Jarbidge did not take place until 1908, this rough land at the dovetailing headwaters of the Jarbidge, Bruneau, and Humboldt rivers, even then had been producing gold for nearly forty years. The first of the yellow metal known to have come from that district had made its appearance in the late 1870s, soon after the Bruneau basin and its tributaries had been explored by a party of Mormons seeking potential farmland. In the course of their explora-

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tion, two members of the party had found "color" in the beds of several small creeks, but had made no mention of their discovery. With the mission of their group fulfilled, the sagacious pair had returned to the Jarbidge country, traced the placer to its source, built a small *arrastre*, and began mining and milling gold, which they sold in small lots at Elko and Tuscarora.

While these Mormon partners presumably exercised some care to keep secret the location of their mine, it isn't likely that other prospectors made any all-out effort to learn its site. Nevada, in those days, held plenty of precious mineral that could be had without probing the innards of a high, rough land, nearly one hundred miles removed from the nearest source of supply, and where snowdrifts lay piled in the deeper canyons for eleven months out of each year. So the two men continued to operate their little *arrastre*, and sell their gold, and live their quiet way. And, eventually came a time when merchants they had patronized in Elko and Tuscarora realized that "the Mormon boys" had not been around for a long while. Mebbe they had worked their mine out and had left the country; mebbe they'd been buried by a snowslide. Nobody knew, nobody cared much, and nobody bothered to investigate . . . and so ended the first known gold production from the Jarbidge area.

Came 1885, and a stage driver passing through the region picked up a piece of ore and took it to his employers, Scott and Hanks. The stage boss agreed to have it assayed for him, but it was some while before he got around to having the work done. When he did so, the ore proved to be fabulously rich in gold!

By that time, however, the driver had left the company's employ and was nowhere to be found. Rumor said he had gone back into the wild Jarbidge country to look for more gold and hadn't been seen again.

COUPLED with the remembered activities of the two mining Mormons, the stage driver's discovery in the Jarbidge district whetted the interest of mining circles and a few prospectors began venturing into the region—each to work through the area's brief summer, and then wander on to other diggings blessed with winter climates more compatible with human flesh. Among these "fair-weather" miners who strayed into the region about 1890 was a man whose name is remembered only as "Ross." In the course of his summer's work, Ross came upon float extremely rich in gold, and was still tracing it toward its source when dark clouds began gathering around the summits of the loftier peaks, and the ominous hush of approaching winter closed in upon the canyons.

Leaving his pick and shovel stuck in the rocky ground to mark the highest point to which he had traced the float, Ross packed his camp gear, and with the slopes whitening beneath the first snow of autumn, started down from the high ranges. He hadn't traveled far when he came to a sheep camp on the summer range of John Pence, on the east side of the Jarbidge River. The camptender, a man named Ishman, invited him to remain overnight.

Possibly Ross had a premonition that he would never return to his promising prospect; or, more than likely, his weeks alone on the mountain had left him so hungered for human companionship that he could not resist the impulse to confide in another the news of his good fortune. Why any man even half sane would have been so injudicious is hard to understand; but the fact remains that Ross told Ishman, the sheepherder, about the rich float he had found and described the canyon of its location. He even strayed far enough beyond the portals of prudence to tell Ishman that he had spent half that summer tracing the float toward its source, and that he had left the place marked with his pick and shovel.

And, according to the story told a year later by the camptender, Ross had said that *if he failed to return to the prospect in the spring, Ishman should consider it his own property and go ahead with its development.*

Unlike the talk-hungry Ross, Ishman was no garrulous gosling, and even after his return to the home ranch he said nothing regarding his encounter with Ross, or what Ross assertedly had told him; or of the riches that might come his way, should Ross fail to return in the spring. Living alone, with his wonderful secret bottled up inside him throughout that long, cold winter, it isn't to be wondered if the camptender's eyes stole often to those upper ranges where angry blizzards sharpened their claws on the peaks, and wind-whipped snow piled deeply in the canyons.

But no matter how long the winter, spring always returns to the land—even in the high border country where Nevada bumps into Idaho. With dark patches of bare ground appearing on the hills, meadowlarks singing, and bluebells and johnny-jump-ups coming into bloom around the stock dams, John Pence's sheep and their herder again started moving up the slopes toward the aspen-ringed meadow where they had been camped on that day, eight months before, when a talk-hungry pilgrim had spilled out a tale of treasure.

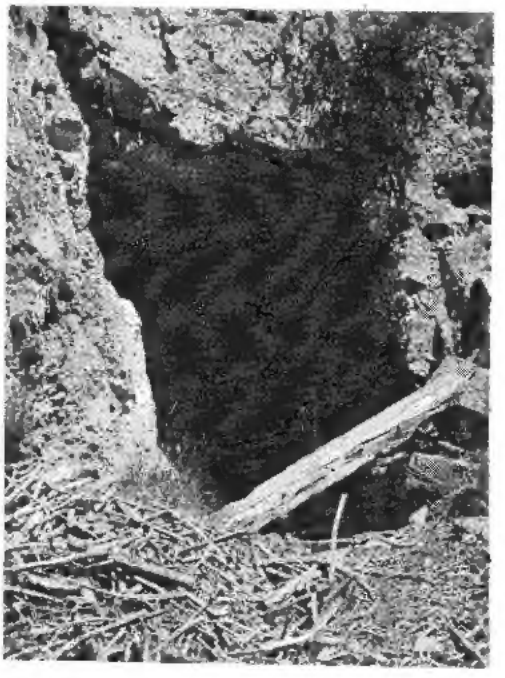
SOON as snow conditions permitted, Ishman put his sheep in care of the dogs, and made his way from the camp meadow on up the mountain to Ross's claim. Whether he honestly wondered if Ross might be there to greet him, or whether he knew that Ross would *never* return to that prospect, is something no man can say. In either case, Ishman found the pick and shovel as Ross had described it; but beside the tools he found also another marker quite different in character.

Beside the tools lay the whitening skeleton of a man!

Although the bones had been stripped clean and dissarranged by animals, the skeleton appeared to be complete; but as Ishman later told John Pence, he had no means of knowing if the skeleton was that of Ross, or of some other man. Neither, apparently, did he determine how the unfortunate victim had met his death.

Undaunted by this gruesome discovery, Ishman devoted all his spare time that

Left: Deserted log cabins flank the main street of Jarbidge, Nevada. Right: Portal of the great Pavlak Mine, inoperative for many years.



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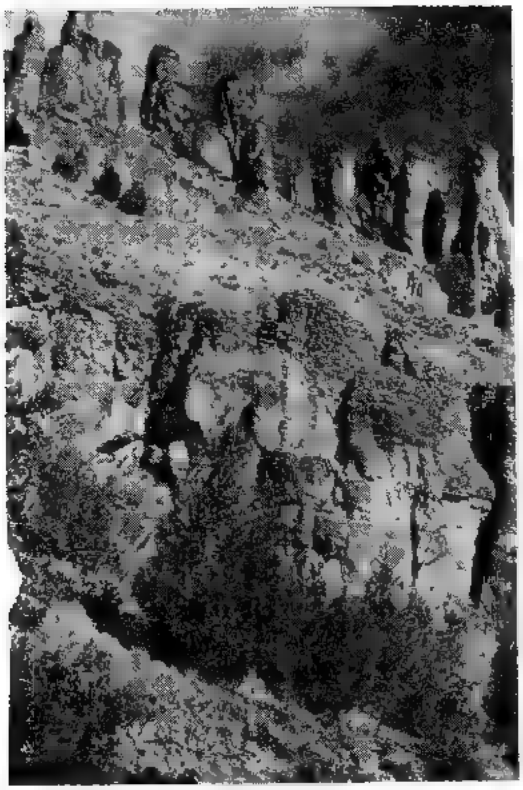

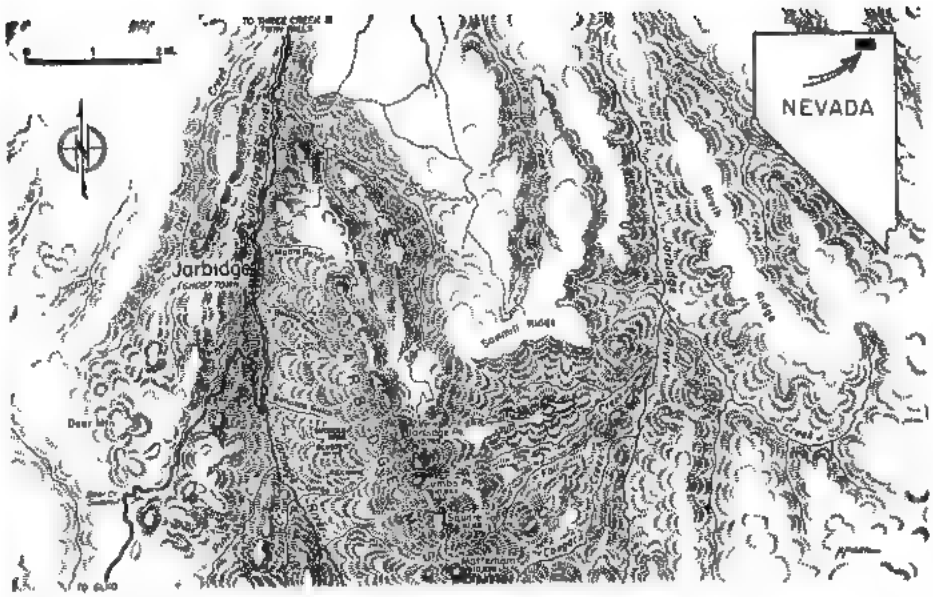

Left: General roughness of the Jarbidge country seemingly would make it a wonderful place in which to lose a mine. Right: Map of the Jarbidge country by Norton Allen. Photos by the Author.

summer to tracing the float. To an experienced miner, that tracing might have presented few difficulties; but Ishman was not an experienced miner—he was a sheepherder. For days at a time he would think he had lost the lead; then, as he found another small piece of ore heavily impregnated with gold, his search would be launched anew. Thus, he worked his way up the mountain slope, day by day, rod by rod.

And, at last, those weeks of searching led him to a cropping of rock thickly seamed with buttery yellow!

With the fountainhead of that rich float at last at his fingertips, what agonizing torture it must have been for Ishman to realize that the lonely wind that licked at the yellowing aspens was gusty and chilled, and the goose-feathery clouds that hovered around the summits were snow laden. Summer, in other words, was spent. The lode had been found—but no time remained to probe into its secrets, or savor of its treasure. Knowing that men who would live to ripe ages don't argue with the elements—not in the high border country where Nevada and Idaho meet—Ishman collected several pounds of ore, carefully covered the outcropping with dead brush, and hid all evidence of his work, as well as Ross's pick and shovel. Pausing then only to remove the skull of the skeleton as a macabre memento, the sheepherder rounded up his flock, broke camp, and started down the trail.

Back at the home ranch, Ishman took into his confidence his employer, John Pence. He showed him the bleached skull, and the ore samples; and for the first time he related the strange story of his asserted meeting with Ross a year before, and of the developments that had followed. One glance at the samples was enough to tell Pence that here was ore of a richness hitherto unknown in that part of the country—an opinion later substantiated by a reputable assayer who found that the poorest of Ishman's samples ran more than $4,000 in gold to the ton!

PENCE AND ISHMAN agreed to tell no one of the mine's discovery, but between themselves they talked of little else all that winter. In the course of those conversations, Ishman reviewed his story, time and again; yet, in all those retellings, he never disclosed to his employer the mine's location. Pence, many times, sought to lead the conversation into that channel, only to have the canny sheepherder lapse into a smug silence and repeat his promise to take Pence to the mine as soon as weather conditions permitted.

So passed the winter and, at last, came the day of departure. With the larks of another spring singing, and bluebells flowering, and threadbare patches growing on the snowy cloak of the hills, Ishman and Pence headed for the mine.

Spurred by the knowledge that each laborous step carried them nearer that waiting treasure, the two men pushed ever higher into the rugged ranges and Ishman's excitement came to border on madness! Faster and yet faster he climbed through the cold, thin air of the high country, his driving pace governed only by the supreme limit of endurance.

Having taken great precaution to see that they were not followed when they left the ranch, both Ishman and Pence would have sworn that they were alone on the mountain; but in this they would have been wrong for another, too, was there.

Tragedy was stalking beside them.

To Rancher John Pence, struggling up the mountain a few yards to Ishman's rear and quite possibly envying a little his companion's great physical stamina, it must have been a horrible experience to see that man falter suddenly in his forward thrust, to see him throw his hand to his head and reel drunkenly, his knees buckling beneath him—and then, all in one terrible moment, to watch that powerful figure crumple to earth like a pole-axed steer, inert, flaccid, insensible . . .

Despite heroic efforts expended by the rancher in moving his stricken employee down from the mountain and to the nearest doctor at Mountain City -a one hundred mile trip by horse and wagon—Ishman died a few days later, a victim of cerebral hemorrhage. He had not regained consciousness.

DEATH having silenced the only man who knew the mine's location, Pence was left with no clues save a few vague details Ishman had dropped concerning the general terrain. With only these thin leads, the sheepman spent thousands of dollars grubstaking prospectors, summer after summer, sending them always into the same wild region where he believed the mine to be hidden. Numerous other prospectors tried to locate the mine on their own account. Some of these never returned, and it was presumed they had starved to death, or had been buried in snowslides, or had remained too late in the year and been trapped by winter. Other thousands of dollars were spent with "mediums" in an effort to make contact with either Ross or Ishman in the spirit world.

But all efforts proved equally in vain.

In time, the Ross discovery became known as "The Lost Sheepherder's Mine"; and when men of the northern border country sat before their pinewood fires on the long winter evenings, they talked of it and conjectured over its possible location, and dreamed of some day finding it.

So came November, 1908, and Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bourne were returning to their home at Boise, Idaho, after a cold horse-and-wagon trip to southern Nevada. Bourne, who had lived formerly at

(Continued on page 36)

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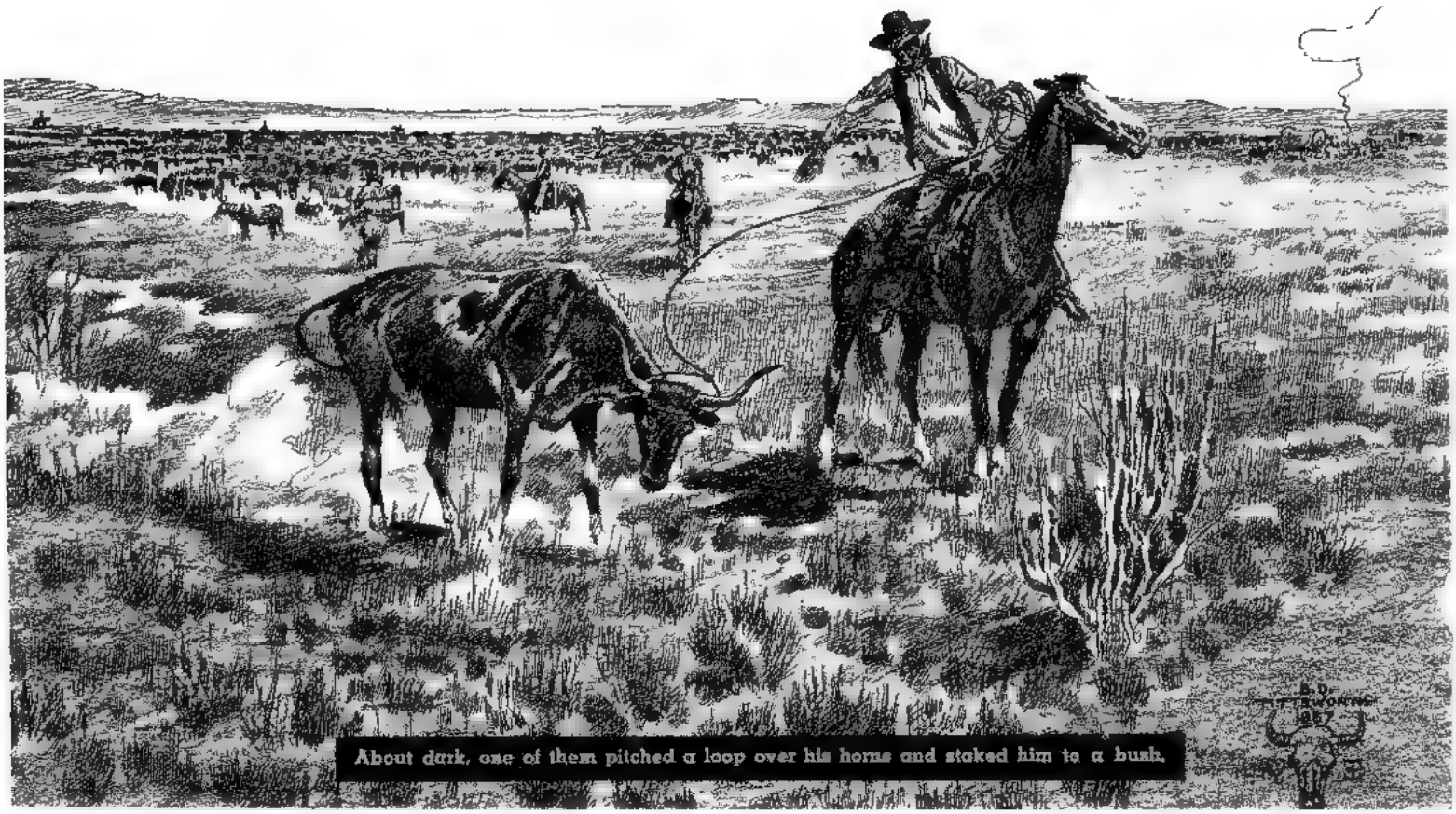


About dark, one of them pitched a loop over his horns and staked him to a bush.

The Return of Old Sancho

Two thousand miles away, in Wyoming, the exiled longhorn dreamed of his home ranch on the Esperanza. So—he walked home

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

Illustrated by B. D. Tittsworth

From J. Frank Dobie's book, The Longhorns, published by Little, Brown & Company

A man named Kerr had a little ranch on Esperanza Creek in Frio County, in the mesquite lands south of San Antonio. He owned several good cow ponies, a few cattle, and a little bunch of goats that a dog guarded by day. At night, they were shut up in a brush corral near the house. Three or four acres of land, fenced in with brush and poles, grew corn, watermelons, and "kershaws"—except when the season was too drouthy. A hand-dug well equipped with pulley wheel, rope, and bucket furnished water for the establishment.

Kerr's wife was a partridge-built Mexican named Maria. They had no children. Maria was clean, thrifty, cheerful, always making pets of animals. She usually milked three or four cows, and sometimes made cheese out of goats' milk.

Late in the winter of 1877, Kerr, while riding over on the San Miguel, found one of his cows dead in a bog-hole. Beside the cow was a mud-plastered little black-and-white paint bull calf less than a week old. It was too weak to run; perhaps other cattle had saved it from the coyotes. Kerr pitched his rope over its head, drew it up across the saddle in front of him, carried it home, and turned it over to Maria.

She had raised many dogie calves and numerous colts captured from mustang mares. The first thing she did now was to pour milk from a bottle down the orphan's throat. With warm water she washed the caked mud off its body. The forlorn dogie perked up immediately.

But hand-raising a calf is no end of work and trouble. The next day Kerr rode around until he found a thrifty brown cow with a young calf. He drove them to the pen. By tying the cow's head up close to a post and hobbling her hind legs, Kerr and Maria forced her to let the orphan suckle. She did not give a cup of milk at this first sucking. Her calf was kept in the pen next day, and the poor thing bawled herself hoarse. Maria began feeding her some prickly pear, the thorns singed off. After being tied up twice daily for a month, the cow adopted the orphan as a twin to her own offspring.

Now she was one of the household cows. Spring weeds came up plentifully and the *guajilla* brush put out in full leaf. When the brown cow came in about sundown and her two calves were released for their supper, it was a cheering sight to see them wiggle their tails while they guzzled milk.

THE dogie was a vigorous little brute, and before long he was getting more milk than the brown cow's own calf. Maria called him Sancho, a Mexican name meaning "pet." She was especially fond of Sancho, and he grew to be especially fond of her.

She would give him the shucks wrapped around tamales. Then she began treating him to whole tamales, which are made of ground corn wrapped around a core of chopped-up meat, this banana-shaped roll, done up in a shuck, then being steam-boiled. Sancho seemed not to mind the meat. As everybody who has eaten them knows, Mexican tamales are highly seasoned with pepper. Sancho seemed to like the seasoning.

In southern Texas the little *chiltipiquin* peppers, red when ripe, grow wild in low, shaded places. Cattle never eat them, leaving them for the wild turkeys, mockingbirds, and blue quail to pick off. Sometimes in the early fall wild turkeys used to gorge on them so avidly that their flesh became too peppery for human consumption. By eating tamales, Sancho developed a taste for the little red peppers growing in the thickets along Esperanza Creek. In fact, he became a kind of *chiltipiquin* addict. He would hunt for the peppers.

Furthermore, the tamales gave him a tooth for corn in the ear. The summer after he became a yearling, he began breaking through the brush fence that enclosed Kerr's corn patch. A forked stick had to be tied around his neck to prevent his getting through the fence. He had been branded and turned into a steer, but he was as strong as any young bull. Like many other pets, he was something of a nuisance. When he could not steal corn or was not humored with tamales, he was enormously contented with grass, mixed in summer time with the sweet mesquite beans. Now and then Maria gave him a lump of the brown *piloncillo* sugar, from Mexico, that all the border country used.

Every night Sancho came to the ranch pen to sleep. His bed ground was near a certain mesquite tree just outside the gate. He spent hours every summer day in the shade of this mesquite. When it rained and other cattle drifted off, hunting fresh pasturage, Sancho stayed at home and drank at the well. He was strictly a home creature.

IN the spring of 1880 Sancho was three years old and past, white of horn and as blocky of build as a long-legged Texas steer ever grew. Kerr's ranch lay in a big unfenced range grazed by the Shiner brothers. That spring they had a contract to deliver three herds of steers, each to number 2500 head, in Wyoming. Kerr was helping the Shiners gather cattle, and, along with various other ranchers, sold them what steers he had.

Sancho was included. One day late in March the Shiner men road-branded him 7Z and put him in the first herd headed north. The other herds were to follow two or three days apart.

It was late in the afternoon when the "shaping up" of the herd was completed. It was watered and thrown out on open prairie ground to be bedded down. But Sancho had no disposition to lie down—there. He wanted to go back to that mesquite just outside the pen gate at the Kerr place on the Esperanza where he had without variation slept every night since he had been weaned. Perhaps he had in mind an evening tamale. He stood and roamed about on the south side of the herd. A dozen times during the night the men on guard had to drive him back. As reliefs were changed, word passed to keep an eye on that paint steer on the lower side.

When the herd started on next morning, Sancho was at the tail end of it, often stopping and looking back. It took constant attention from one of the drag drivers to keep him moving. By the time the second night arrived, every hand in the outfit knew Sancho, by name and sight, as being the stubbornest and gentlest steer of the lot. About dark, one of them pitched a loop over his horns and staked him to a bush. This saved bothering with his persistent efforts to walk off.

Daily when the herd was halted to graze, spreading out like a fan, the steers all eating their way northward, Sancho invariably pointed himself south. In his lazy way he grabbed many a mouthful of grass while the herd was moving. Finally, in some brush up on the Llano, after ten days of trailing, he dodged into freedom. On the second day following, one of the point men of the second Shiner herd saw him walking south, saw his 7Z road brand, rounded him in, and set him traveling north again. He became the chief drag animal of this herd. Somewhere north of the Colorado there was a run one night, and when morning came Sancho was missing. The other steers had held together; probably Sancho had not run at all. But he was picked up again by the third Shiner herd coming on behind.

He took his accustomed place in the drag and continued to require special driving. He picked up weight. He chewed his cud peacefully and slept soundly, but whenever he looked southward, which was often, he raised his head as if memory and expectation were stirring. The boys were all personally acquainted with him, and every night one of them would stake him.

ONE day the cattle balked and milled at a bank-full river. "Rope old Sancho and lead him in," the boss ordered, "and we'll point the other cattle after him." Sancho led like a horse. The herd followed. As soon as he was released, he dropped back to the rear. After this, however, he was always led to the front when there was high water to cross.

By the time the herd got into No Man's Land, beyond Red River, the sand-hill plums and the low-running possum grapes were turning ripe. Pausing now and then to pick up a little of the fruit, Sancho's driver saw the pet steer following his example.

Meantime the cattle were trailing, trailing, always north. For five hundred miles across Texas, counting the windings to find water and keep out of breaks, they had come. After getting into the Indian Territory, they snailed on across the

(Continued on page 31)

She would give him the shucks wrapped around tamales. Then she began treating him to whole tamales.

Colonel Frank Mayer, whose adventurous life extended from the Civil War to the Atomic Age, was the

Last of the Hide

BY NORMAN B. WILTSEY

A weird assortment of gun-toters were busy hunting buffaloes in Texas when young Frank Mayer arrived there in the spring of 1872 to try his hand at making a fortune in "buffalo dollars."

The world's greatest slaughter of wildlife was literally booming, the thunder of gunfire resounding daily from sunrise to sunset on the rolling Texas Plains. Veterans of both the Union and Confederate armies were banging away with old army muskets; Eastern "sportsmen" were shooting the big buffs with light sporting rifles and shotguns loaded with slugs; some few hunters, endowed with more guts than brains, were using Colt and Remington six-guns at ranges of six to ten yards. As an inevitable result of this clumsy barrage, far more buffaloes were being wounded than killed outright—a fact that disgusted and angered the true professional hunters, who went about the grim job of slaughtering the great herds of bison in sober, business-like fashion.

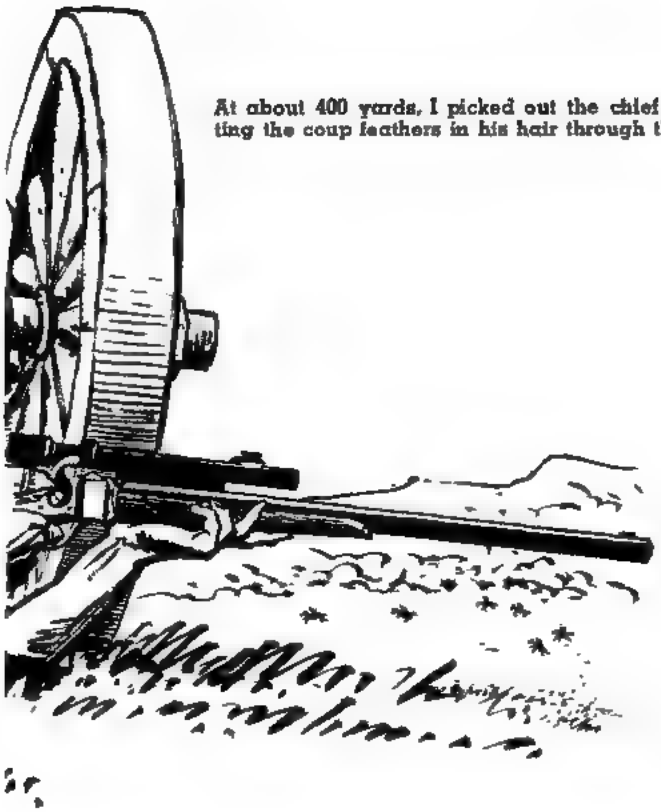
At 22, Frank Mayer was a veteran of the Civil War. Born in Louisiana, he had nevertheless enlisted in the Union army at 13 as a drummer boy and subsequently saw action at Gettysburg. Drifting north after the war had ended at Appomattox, he had studied at Columbia School of Mines in New York and later at two German universities. In Germany, he became interested in guns and hunting and brought home with him a fine 16-power telescope sight made by Vollmer of Jena.

"I didn't know just what I was going to do with it, but I had a hunch it would come in handy," Frank told a newspaper reporter years later. Frank's hunch paid off. The scope sight, a distinct novelty on the plains, was to build him a hefty bankroll from buffalo hides and twice save his life from attacking Indians.

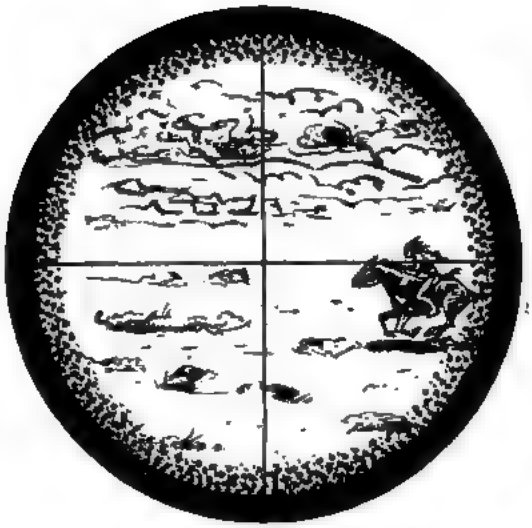
Methodically, the youthful Mayer went about assembling his outfit in Texas. He had made a stake working and adventuring in Mexico; he spent it freely but shrewdly now to acquire his hunting equipment.

Reasoning logically that guns are of primary importance to a professional hunter, Frank bought the best rifles obtainable. His precious scope sight he had fitted to a .45-120-550 Sharps, weighing 16 pounds and sighted in to hit the bullseye at 200 yards. For alternate rifles—an absolute essential in those days of black powder ammunition and excessive fouling of barrels—he selected a .40-70 and a .40-90 Sharps. Wisely, he spent $225 for a complete reloading outfit. Thousands of hides were lost when hunters ran out of cartridges in the field. Frank didn't intend to lose a single skin playing the fool that way.

NEXT in importance to proper shooting irons was the choice of an experienced partner. Here Mayer was lucky—teaming up with Bob McCrea, who had already put in three profitable years of hide hunting. The lean, rawhide-tough McCrea was a "savvy hombre" in the parlance of the old-timers. He was an invaluable aid to Mayer in putting an outfit together, buying horses, wagons, tents, and supplies, and hiring a cook and skinners.



At about 400 yards, I picked out the chief by spotting the coup feathers in his hair through the scope.



Hunters

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

Mayer's top gun, the powerful scope-sighted .45-120, saved the lives of the whole outfit on their first hunt. The Kiowas and Comanches were wasp-mean that hectic spring of 1872, knowing that their very existence was threatened by the hordes of white hunters encroaching on their hunting grounds. A number of whites were killed and their wagons burned before most of the hide men drifted north into Kansas to try their luck beyond "bad Injun" country.

McCrea and Mayer didn't scare easily. They decided to start their hunt in Texas and work their way northward, trailing the buffaloes as the huge beasts followed the greening grass. The only possible flaw in their plan was the disturbing fact that hostile Indians roamed the north Texas plains, alert to destroy incautious hide hunters. Understandably, the warriors were infuriated at the ruthless slaughter of the buffaloes. Frank Mayer was one of the few hunters fairminded enough to appreciate the Indians' feelings in the matter.

"Hell, we were dead wrong!" readily admitted Frank "Who could blame the Indians for getting mad and shooting up a hide hunter's camp whenever they could? We were robbing them of their present food supply and their future independence—all with the same bullets. But it was a case of the survival of the toughest, and I didn't intend to wind up dead and scalped on the prairie. Bob and I figured we had a good chance of keeping our hair if we stayed in open country and kept a lookout posted day and night. Indians are the world's most practical fighters—they won't attack unless the odds are pretty much stacked in their favor and they can kill you without risking much themselves. They're smart gamblers—they calculate the percentage beforehand. Well, right off I aimed to let them know that cleaning up our outfit would prove too costly for them to turn a profit on the deal."

WHEN Mayer's outfit was six days out from base camp, a band of Comanches made a pass at them. "The lookout warned us in plenty of time," recalled Frank. "Nobody got rattled—not even the Negro cook. We placed our two wagons about twenty feet apart, parallel with each other, and tied our horses between them. We stacked bales of buffalo hides across the openings at both ends for breastworks. We knew they'd circle us at the start, so we put one man at each end of the barricade behind the buffalo bales and two men behind the wagon wheels on each side. All sides were covered, so we just sat tight and waited for 'em to make their move."

Riding fast and strung out to present a difficult target, the Comanches started their famous "wheel" formation around the barricaded wagons at about 500 yards distance and began gradually to close in.

"The poor devils got the shock of their lives," chuckled Mayer. "At about 400 yards, I picked out the chief by spotting the *coup* feathers in his hair through the scope. I led him maybe thirty feet—his pony was on a dead run—and swung that 16 pound Sharps like I was leading a duck with a shotgun. The bullet hit him plumb center and knocked him spinning off his horse. Lucky shot? Sure, it was a lucky shot—yet only a heap of steady practice with that big rifle made it possible."

"That one shot broke up the Comanche wheel. When the chief went down, the warriors clustered their horses around him on the prairie. They made a fat target bunched up like that, but we did no more shooting. After all, there was about sixty of them and six of us. We watched and waited, willing to call it quits. Pretty soon four braves picked up the dead chief, two on a side, and carried him off a-wailing as they rode. We were mighty happy to see 'em go, and we never had any more trouble with the Comanches."

THE COMANCHES were so impressed with Mayer's "Spirit Eye" rifle that a chief known as Medicine Arrow sold Frank what was probably the first hunting license ever issued in the United States. The fee was pretty high—ten silver dollars and ten Mexican blankets, but Mayer considered it the best buy he ever made. Armed with his license—a stiff piece of buffalo hide, six inches long and three wide, carrying a message in picture-writing Frank was entitled to shoot buffaloes in a broad area "as far as a horse can run in three days."

"What made it such a bargain," said Mayer, "was the fact that no other hide hunting outfits were allowed in that area by the Indians. We cleaned up $5,000 worth of prime hides in three weeks."

For nearly four years Frank Mayer worked the buffalo herds with skill and industry. Every detail of his operations was carefully planned to insure a steady profit. He shot only thirty buffaloes a day on an average, as that was the number of hides his three skinners could skin and peg out working by hand. Many outfits used horses to pull the hides off the carcasses, thereby stretching the skins out of shape, often tearing them, and always leaving pieces of flesh on the inside—flesh which quickly turned putrescent to rot the hide beneath.

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Mayer paid his crew well, and preferred fewer hides of high quality to rolling up a big score. As a result, Mayer hides brought top prices from the buyers—from $3 to $5 apiece.

As a sideline, Frank shipped salted buffalo tongues to fancy markets in London and New York and sold buffalo heads for mounting. Tongues brought fifty cents apiece, and heads from $10 to $20 each.

During the four seasons he worked the herds, Mayer also obtained about twenty of the rare and beautiful "silk" hides. These were cow hides, with extra fine, soft hair. A silk was worth from $30 to $50, according to the size of the hide and the texture of the hair. A red-velvet lined silk buffalo hide, used as a cutter robe, was a mark of social prestige in genteel horse races of the period on winter Sunday afternoons on New York's Fifth Avenue.

AN expert marksman, Mayer seldom used more than one bullet per buffalo. With the scope-sighted .45-120 Sharps he could drop a buff out beyond 500 yards when necessary, though he preferred ranges of 200 yards and under to be virtually certain of making clean one-shot kills. His best string was 59 kills out of 62 shots.

In addition to good marksmanship, Mayer attributed his success as a hunter to what he called "buffalo savvy."

"You have to understand first of all that a buffalo is stupid, and utterly unpredictable except for one important thing—its curiosity. At every stand, I used that curiosity in this manner: After locating a bunch of buffs and taking my shooting position as close as possible in cover or on a rise of ground, I'd pick out an old cow and shoot her in the lungs. A buffalo won't go down right off unless shot in the neck or heart, so that old cow would stand there with her legs braced and her eyes glazed and slowly bleed to death. The other buffs would smell the blood and mill around her, bunching up real accommodating for me. All I had to do was drop them one by one until the whole group was down. Some squeamish folks might say that mine was a cruel method. Maybe so, but the only animal to suffer was the cow and she didn't suffer long. The others I usually killed with one shot apiece, and they never knew what hit 'em."

Reporters and magazine writers who interviewed Frank Mayer in his later years failed to find in him the lurid story material they hoped for. The old hunter laughed at the melodramatic modern notion of bloodthirsty redskins swooping down on hide hunters' camps in reckless all-out charges.

"The Indians weren't fools—they had a healthy respect for the long range of our big Sharps rifles and generally kept their distance. The attack on Adobe Walls was the only instance known of their charging buffalo hunters forted up in good cover—and they never repeated *that* mistake. Of course, if they could catch a greenhorn offguard, they'd knock him off in a hurry. The tightest scrape I was ever in was with a bunch of Cheyennes in the *Llano Estacado* when a new partner, a former Army man, got the shakes on me. The Indians made a pass at about their usual distance of 500 yards. They ringed us and closed in fast, swung over on the off-side of their ponies. Each warrior had a leg hooked over his mount's back, with the rest of his body hanging head-down in a rawhide loop plaited into his horse's mane. All we had to shoot at was those bare legs sticking over each horse's back, and it kinda spooked my partner."

"What'll we do, Frank—we ain't got nothin' to shoot at!" he yelled as the Cheyennes came on, yipping like a pack of devils to test our nerve.

"Shoot at the horses, you damn fool!" I told him, and showed him how by dropping the lead pony. He got the idea *muy pronto*, and shot down the second horse in line. One rider was killed when his horse fell on him; the other got a busted leg. Their *compadres* picked 'em up and took out at a gallop. That was the last we saw of *those* Indians!"

IF pressed for further accounts of his adventures with Indians, Mayer would relate deadpan his most harrowing experience. Invited to dinner at the lodge of a friendly chief, Frank ate heartily of the main dish—a delicious stew. "Best stew I'd had in years. After polishing off a second bowl, I lit my pipe and told the chief's wife how much I'd enjoyed her buffalo stew. The old squaw liked to died a-laughin'. Turned out the 'buffalo' was puppy-dog! I never did accept any more dinner invitations from Indians after that."

Mayer quit hide hunting late in 1875 with a full poke. "Too many hunters and too few buffaloes," he told his friends. Those who knew him best declared that Frank was just sick to death of the endless killing.

Known to his many Indian friends as Walking Arrow, Mayer's pet peeve was the professional Wild West heroes he scornfully referred to as "long-haired buckskinners." Frank was especially disgusted with Buffalo Bill Cody's claim to having killed the Cheyenne warrior Yellow Hand in a terrific hand-to-hand struggle. This imaginary exploit was later the basis for many a thrilling "duel" fought by Cody in Eastern theaters. Ned Buntline, famed writer of lurid dime novels with Buffalo Bill the central character, authored the script for the sketch which wound up in a smash climax with Cody "scalping" Yellow Hand. The last scene disclosed the intrepid scout standing astride Yellow Hand's body, holding up a red-stained knife in one hand and the scalp in the other, while he shouted "First scalp for Custer!" Thunderous applause, waving flags, band playing Custer's famous marching song, *Garryowen*, fade-out!

"All a damned cock-and-bull story!" snorted Mayer when asked to comment on Cody's claim. "A friend of mine, Alex Vimy, shot Yellow Hand and sold his clothes and scalp to Buffalo Bill for five dollars. *That's* how Cody 'killed' Yellow Hand!"

Mayer re-enlisted in the Army after giving up hide hunting and served through the military mop-up of the Sioux after the Custer debacle at the Little Bighorn in June, 1876, and the later Apache wars. He served 37 years, resigning in 1913 with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

RESTLESS as ever at 63, Colonel Mayer journeyed to the diamond mines of Australia, helped build a railroad in Brazil, and hunted moose and brown bear in Alaska. He regretfully discarded his old single-shot Sharps for the latter adventure, taking along a .405 Winchester and a .35 Remington automatic. At 68, his shooting eye was reported just as keen and his hands just as steady as on the buffalo plains forty-five years before. The Colonel bagged an 1800 pound brown bear with two shots from the .405, and dropped a 1200 pound bull moose with a single heart shot from the .35.

Finally settling down in Fairplay, Colorado, Colonel Mayer hunted regularly each fall until 1951. He shot his last buck with a .30-30 Winchester in 1950 at the age of 100; then hung the rifle on his bedroom wall along with his beloved Sharps .45-120, and announced that he was through hunting for good.

Asked to estimate how many game animals he had killed in his 80 years of hunting, Frank could only place the figure in the high thousands. He curtly refused to guess how many Indians he had killed.

Colonel Mayer entered the hospital at Fairplay in December, 1953, suffering from the infirmities of extreme old age. He weakened slowly, and his mind remained clear until near the end. "I'm the last of the hide hunters left alive," he murmured to his nurse a few hours before slipping gently into a coma on February 10. His death occurred on the night of February 12, 1954, three months short of his 104th birthday.

Drawing of Frank Mayer, taken from newspaper clipping.

PROHIBITED

300 pounds of fighting black.

Under the cold desert moon the mother cougar and the black bear fought to a bloody draw — with no human eye to witness their

Battle in the Night

BY DEV KLAPP

TO most men, a bent twig, a few claw marks on the rough brown earth, or a tuft of fur caught upon a thorny bush means nothing. But there are others, like U. S. Trapper Russell C. Culbreath and his husky Apache Indian companion, who have learned to read the tales of death and escape; of hate and hunger that wildlife leaves on the wilderness floor for them to see.

The first chapter of a story of bloody battle and fierce mother-instinct opened for Culbreath and the Apache one spring morning on Carrizo Creek, near where it joins the Salt River thirty miles west of Fort Apache on the Apache reservation.

The two men were leisurely riding across the desert on a regular line inspection, when the Apache drew his mount to a halt and pointed toward a spiral of buzzards circling high in the clear sky. "See *them*?" he grunted. Culbreath nodded.

Farther along the trail they found a dead calf. It was not long dead, and to most travelers it would have been just that —a dead calf. But for Culbreath and the Indian it told a story. They read it that a mother lion had made a kill but had been frightened off before she, or the two cubs that were with her, could feed. The calf's body was still warm.

The Indian examined the carcass carefully. When he looked up his face was grim. "My brand!" he exclaimed angrily. "We catch damn cat!"

So they dragged the body into a nearby thicket and Culbreath pulled a No. 4½ steel trap from a bunch he carried with him. Partially concealed by the sparse growth of cholla and greasewood, the set was made. They hoped by morning to have their catch.

After the set was finished, each man took a swig of water and again struck out across the desert.

SOMETIME during that night it happened the wildlife battle between a blundering black bear and a protective mother cougar. The fight was interpreted next morning by Culbreath and the Indian, and reported later by Culbreath to his chief, Everett Mercer, in Phoenix, Arizona. There is much more to be read between the lines of this document than the actual wording of the few terse paragraphs, for men of Culbreath's type use words sparingly.

Arriving at the scene of their trap set of the day before, the trappers were amazed at the havoc they saw everywhere. After quieting their restive horses, they dismounted and looked the place over. Tracks of lion and bear were everywhere, lapping and overlapping, the spoor in many places almost erased by rakings of unsheathed claws. Blood was there, too, in splotches and in small, recently-dried pools, scattered over the agitated earth. Cactus and greasewood were flattened for yards around, and bits of black and tawny hair stirred in the light air currents.

The two desert men began putting together what they saw in an effort to reconstruct what had taken place. The calf was gone, its drag-marks leading toward denser brush. The trap scraped an erratic trail over the ground in the opposite direction. Broken strands of a nearby barbed-wire fence were stained with blood, and bits of hair clung to the sharp barbs. The sprung trap was found and in it were pieces of a lion cub's paw. Remnants of the little beast were scattered over a wide area, showing the cub had somehow been torn apart in the struggle.

Here, using Culbreath's brief report as a guide and reading between the lines, is an account of what must have happened out on the desert that moonlight April night.

As mountain lions often do, the cat and her cubs returned to their kill shortly after nightfall and before good moonrise. Feasting on the dead calf, mother and cubs quarreled among themselves over the meat, and one of the cub's paws flattened on the pan of Culbreath's trap, until then undetected. The resulting clang brought a bawl of pain from the trapped young one, and the mother and the more fortunate cub leaped clear.

Batting the free infant out of her way, the mother returned to her terrified, struggling offspring. Clawing and biting at the trap's steel jaws, she was doing her best to free the cub, when a wandering black bear heard the racket and stopped. His curiosity aroused, the bear turned and lumbered closer to investigate. As he drew nearer, the pungent smell of ripe meat sharpened his interest and he kept coming.

But the mother lion, sensing danger to her helpless cub, flattened to the ground with a warning snarl. The big bear's one-track mind, fastened on the feast before him, brought him within ten feet of the trapped cub, when the mother sprang.

AND there on the desert floor these two big predators began their death struggle. Leaping, feinting, circling, the powerful beasts dealt each other fearful hurt with claws and teeth. Great gullies were ripped through the bear's black pelt by the ferocious lioness. Stung with pain, bruin retaliated by delivering stunning slaps with his big paws, and raking his own claws to bring blood gushing from her tawny hide.

Lesser prowling beasts drew near to watch the battle,

(Continued on page 38)

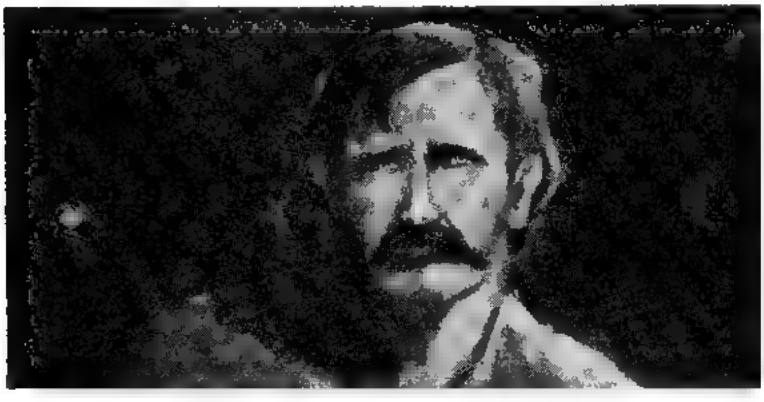
Headstone of Wyatt and Josephine Earp in a Jewish graveyard at Colma, So. San Francisco. The burial spot was kept secret for almost 30 years.

The WYATT EARP Burial Secret

BY LEA McCARTY

Photos by the Author

Painting of Wyatt Earp recently completed by artist Lea McCarty.



Editor's Note: We had already accepted "The Wyatt Earp Burial Secret" and were holding it for publication when a second story, "Wyatt Earp's Grave Robbed" by Lea McCarty came in by air mail, special delivery. So on the very last moment we pulled "Big Mouth—Apache Scout" and made room for both.

MY doctor, William Rudee, ought to have his appendix cut out. He is a medical wizard who wormed me out of a heart attack and the grave. He knew all the time where Wyatt Earp lay buried and never said a word, even after I had started to paint this gun-slinging giant.

I did some 24 canvases of the pistoleering celebrities, from Wes Hardin on down to New Mexican Billy the Kid, and sold lock, stock, and caboodle to Newt Bass of Apple Valley Inn, in California.

A. M. King (left) former Earp Deputy, and Lea McCarty (right) with bronze plaque of Earp. McCarty was commissioned by the

I mention the above because it all leads up to the burial place of Wyatt Earp. Bill Harville, Press Democrat columnist in Santa Rosa, did a piece about my picture of Wyatt. They photographed the painting and set it up big as day in the news.

One day I came home to find the worn-out frame of a big man standing in my driveway. His face was gray with age and full of hard lines, but his eyes held that inquisitive look of a cop or old-time law officer. He wanted to know if I was the guy who painted the portrait of Wyatt Earp which he had seen in today's paper. I told him I was.

"You got it here?"

Out back of the house I have a studio with a big skylight and air-conditioning to suit a king. The old boy followed me back and walked into that wonder-room of surprises with 24 gun-slingers, 3 x 5 ft. each, gazing down upon him.

"God damn," he said, "but this *is* something."

Wallowing in my ego, I smiled broadly and he went right over to the painting of Wyatt Earp and said:

"That's Wyatt. You got them washed-out blue eyes all right and that mustache he wore. Don't look like no movie dude. No, you caught him. We used to wear shirts with celluloid collars or no collars at all and a stiff starched front. By God, I got to hand it to you. That's Wyatt."

"You knew him?"

"*Knew* him! Well, I guess I did. I worked with him in Arizona land and in California. I was twenty-one years old then and Wyatt was past 50, and as famous as he was in police circles, he drew ten bucks a day for his services. Sure, I knew him. Wyatt and I, during the Los Angeles strike, drove them beer wagons across town and we had a case of beer at hand to throw at anybody who tried to stop us. When they heard about Wyatt Earp driving the team they left us alone. Them was big pretty horses on the beer wagon and the owners didn't care as much about the beer as they did them horses. We got down to the saloons and rolled off the barrels."

"Everybody knew Wyatt."

"Naw. Wyatt didn't have the name then that he has now. As I say, he was known mostly to the officers in the sheriff's office and the like. These movie and TV guys today have blown him up sky high."

"You don't mean to tell me Wyatt didn't have guts, that he is not the guy they make him out to be?"

"I didn't say he didn't have guts. That man, although he was a smallish guy, had plenty of nerve. He was built of baling wire and would fight like a terrier at the drop of a hat. He never showed any anger in that poker face, but his left eye would twitch at one corner and he would breathe hard like a sand-pawing bull."

"Then he'd go for his gun?"

"Hell, no. He never wore any gun when I knew him. He used to let it lay up in the seat of that old Franklin car of his and he'd go get it if he wanted to lay it across the head of some galoot who was looking for trouble. That was his long-barreled Buntline that the dime novelist Ned Buntline gave to Wyatt and Bat Masterson and Luke Short, you know. He carried that thing in the back of that car all the time I worked with him through 1910 to about 1912."

Here was a rare bird indeed, Mr. A. M. King, the last living man to have worked with Wyatt Earp.

"Do you know where Wyatt is buried?"

"Sure I do."

"Where?"

"That's been a secret for about 30 years. Don't know that I should tell it."

I couldn't dig any more out of old man King. He'd come to my studio every day while I dabbed in paint and threw it on with a knife. He'd sit in an easy chair and roll pretty Bull Durham cigarettes and keep his silence about the burial place of Wyatt Earp. But he did talk to no end about his two or three years with the famous peace officer of Tombstone. He'd grind his cigarette butts against the plank flooring and take a look up at Wyatt Earp who gazed down upon him. "You got him, son, you got the old bastard good."

Now I do believe my location is important in this yarn about King. I live about 65 miles north of San Francisco in Santa Rosa, but seldom get to this great city where Wyatt Earp once refereed the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons fight and married into the Marcus family of merchants to a pretty Jewess called Josephine. But you can't keep a secret.

I finished up the series of gunfighters and, as I have said, Newt Bass, oil millionaire and real estate magnate, bought the whole works and hung them at the Apple Valley Inn, near Victorville. Then I took off for Texas, to study Goodnight, Chisum, Loving, and Chisholm Trails, from New Mexico down to Brownsville and on up to follow the cattle ribbons which once formed that famous trail into Oklahoma and the hell-roaring towns of Abilene and Dodge.

WHEN I got back, King kept coming to my studio and sat to ask if I intended to paint Wyatt in this new series. Earp had had a lot to do with the old cow trails and had given many cattle barons, like Shanghai Pierce and others, a bad time.

"You bet I'm going to do him. While on my trip I stopped in at Tombstone and met Mrs. Edna Landin and she commissioned me to do a bronze plaque on Wyatt. Will you help me?"

"What's she having him done for?"

"They're going to move his ashes."

"Wyatt's ashes?"

"Yep."

"Do they know where they are?"

"Nope."

King laughed a big laugh. "Then how they goin' to move him. *I'm* not going to tell." *(Continued on page 35)*

Tombstone Restoration Committee to do this plaque, which was to have been placed at the head of Earp's ashes in Tombstone. The photograph shows McCarty's son pointing to Earp's marker when the grave was discovered in April, 1957.

Tom Finn, gardener at Hills of Eternity Memorial Park, shows spot from which Wyatt Earp's tombstone was stolen. The name Marcus on surrounding tombstones identifies members of Mrs. Earp's family. Photo Courtesy San Francisco Examiner.

Wyatt Earp's Grave Robbed!

BY LEA McCARTY

WHEN a man bites a lion that is news, and when someone "goes South" with a famous marshal's tombstone or marker, that is like stealing an Egyptian pyramid. Earp's grave marker was looted over a recent week end in South San Francisco at the Hills of Eternity Cemetery where the law marshal and his wife Josephine lay interred. The grave robbers picked up the stone and its 300-pound vertical attachment of concrete and walked off with the works.

When the gardener came the next morning and started to water the lawns in family plots, he rubbed his eyes unbelievingly at the hole yawning at him where Wyatt's marker had been. This old gentleman who had buried the marshal and his wife years ago, quickly looked to see if the ashes were taken too. No, the ashes had not been found in their receptacles—not six inches from where the shovels probed. The old gardener ran down the hill along the cement driveway between the forest of tombstones and burst into the mausoleum amid the soft tolling of the chimes of this Jewish cemetery.

"Wyatt Earp has been robbed! His stone is gone!" he called, his voice echoing through the marble halls of the dead.

You can imagine how quickly the newsmen of San Francisco smelled this one out and got down to Hills of Eternity Cemetery. It was difficult to believe that the greatest gunslinger of them all had been rifled of the identity of his six feet of real estate.

And it was difficult for me to believe it after I had taken a photograph of the grave marker only three weeks before, now a very rare picture indeed. Being an artist or painter of the Old West, and being a friend of Wyatt Earp's old deputy, A. M. King, the old man had sent me down to photograph Wyatt's grave. King was one of the few who knew where that grave was. The city of Tombstone had been hunting for it since his death in 1929. It had been kept secret by the Marcus family for nearly 30 years.

Mr. King's opinion was that no kids did the job. It was perpetrated by oldsters paid to do it. The marker, with its base attachment which sent six feet of concrete downward, weighed about 600 pounds. A truck had to come up the driveway between hundreds of plots—quite a driving feat—and then the stone would have to be carried some 30 yards or more, on past the Rudee plot, that of Levy, and out into the drive. The truck had to roll down past the mausoleum around it, and out onto the highway.

EARP married Josephine Sarah Marcus, a wealthy San Francisco mercantile family's youngest daughter. She had Wyatt's ashes moved from Los Angeles and they were later placed with hers in the old cemetery where the new shopping center, Stonestown, now stands. Construction of Stonestown meant moving the graves, and so Wyatt and his wife's ashes were carried south, some six miles or more, to South San Francisco's Colma burial center. Absolute secrecy was kept, as the Marcus family did not want a path worn to the grave of their daughter's famous husband. Few knew for almost 30 years where the famous grave was.

The San Francisco News got wind of it and along on its heels I went with a camera, and Wyatt Earp's burial place became known to the public.

Upon discovery of the robbery, the city of Tombstone, Arizona was wired and asked by the *San Francisco Chronicle* if they knew where the stone was. Charles Brubaker, the marshal, did not like the inference, since there had been much talk

about moving Wyatt's ashes to Tombstone, now that I had done a bronze of the famous gunfighter. In fact Mr. Brubaker blew his top. What kind of people did they think lived in Tombstone?

Some claim that the stone will be dumped into the sea from one of San Francisco's cliffs, being too hot to handle now, and certainly no one would buy it or want it with the police out searching for it.

Mr. King says: "They'll never see that stone anymore. Maybe it's in another cemetery to be a secret forever. Who knows?"

A lot of mystery walks hand in hand with Earp. He has become a legend. And we find it strange that he finally came to rest away from Boot Hill in Tombstone, in a Jewish burial ground; so much in the public eye, even after death, as to be robbed of cold stone.

Billy the Kid suffered much the same fate, his stone being chipped by tourists so that it is scarcely readable anymore. A fence has been thrown up around it, and over the length of his body—on top—a plate of concrete has been smeared so that the bone pickers can't get to him.

Editor's Note:

Even though there is a certain amount of repetition with what you have just read, we thought you would like to read the following newspaper story that was run in the July 8, 1957, edition of the SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER.

EARP'S TOMBSTONE STOLEN!

Boot Hill Plot Suspected

A granite tombstone for Wyatt Earp, famed frontier marshal whose fast exploits with a six-shooter made him the most feared lawman in the West, was stolen from the Hills of Eternity Memorial Park at Colma on July 6th or 7th.

The stone, 18 inches wide and 22 inches long, and the 500 pound block of concrete in which it was imbedded, were both stolen, according to Morris Colton, superintendent of the cemetery.

Colton suspects the tombstone is on its way to Tombstone, Arizona.

He said he had recently had several telephone calls from persons who wanted to know if Earp's ashes were going to be sent to the Arizona city.

In Boot Hill?

The Tombstone Restoration Commission has wanted Earp's body buried in the city's Boot Hill Cemetery, but the marshal's relatives here have opposed any such move.

The theft was news to Tombstone authorities.

"Who would steal anything like that?" said a deputy sheriff in the Arizona city. "If they bring it down here, I'll sure call you," he drawled.

Earp's closest living relative, Roy Earp, an Oakland police inspector who has made a hobby of collecting facts about the famous gunman, said he had not heard about the theft.

"Some people are stamp collectors, some are gun collectors and then you get people who collect any kind of souvenir," he said. "This is the first time I ever heard of a tombstone collector."

Last Play

It was in Tombstone that Earp made his last "play" as the fastest gun west of the Rockies.

His brother, Morgan, had been killed while playing billiards. Earp set out after the killers.

Three men died after looking into the wrong end of his long-barreled .45 before he left the state and rode into Colorado.

Earp left Arizona with a murder warrant behind him and spent 10 years in Colorado, Texas, and Idaho before he came to California. After several ventures as a gambler and miner, he got into southern California real estate and became wealthy.

He came to San Francisco in 1891, wearing a six-gun under his long, black frock coat and a four-carat diamond ring on his left hand.

The former marshal lived here until 1897. During that period, he married Josephine Sarah Marcus, daughter of a pioneer store owner here.

Earp died in 1929 in Los Angeles and his wife, Josephine, had his ashes brought here and inurned in a plot at the Hills of Eternity. She died in 1944, and her ashes were put in the same plot.

The stolen stone was inscribed:

"Wyatt Earp, 1848-1929, and Josephine Earp, 1861-1944.

Wesley Pomeroy, San Mateo County Sheriff's inspector, said that whoever took the stone had also tried to get Earp's ashes.

Urn Sought

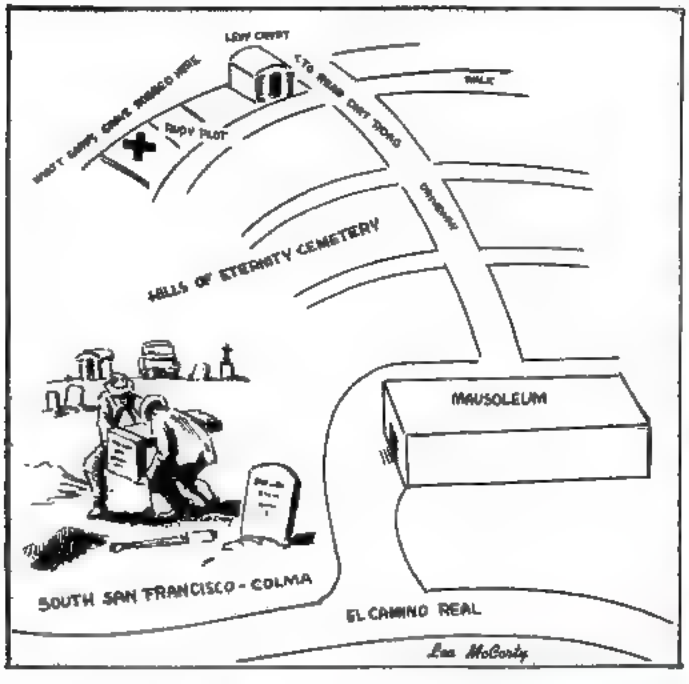
A five foot deep hole was dug in the plot in an unsuccessful search for the urn.

The theft of Earp's tombstone was discovered by Tom Finn, the cemetery's head gardener, who supervised the burial 28 years ago. The heavy stone was cemented to a concrete collar and a five foot long column that was buried in the ground. The cemetery was closed at 4:30 p. m. Friday and no one was on the grounds until Sunday morning. Police said the grave was probably despoiled early Saturday or Sunday morning by persons with a truck or station wagon.

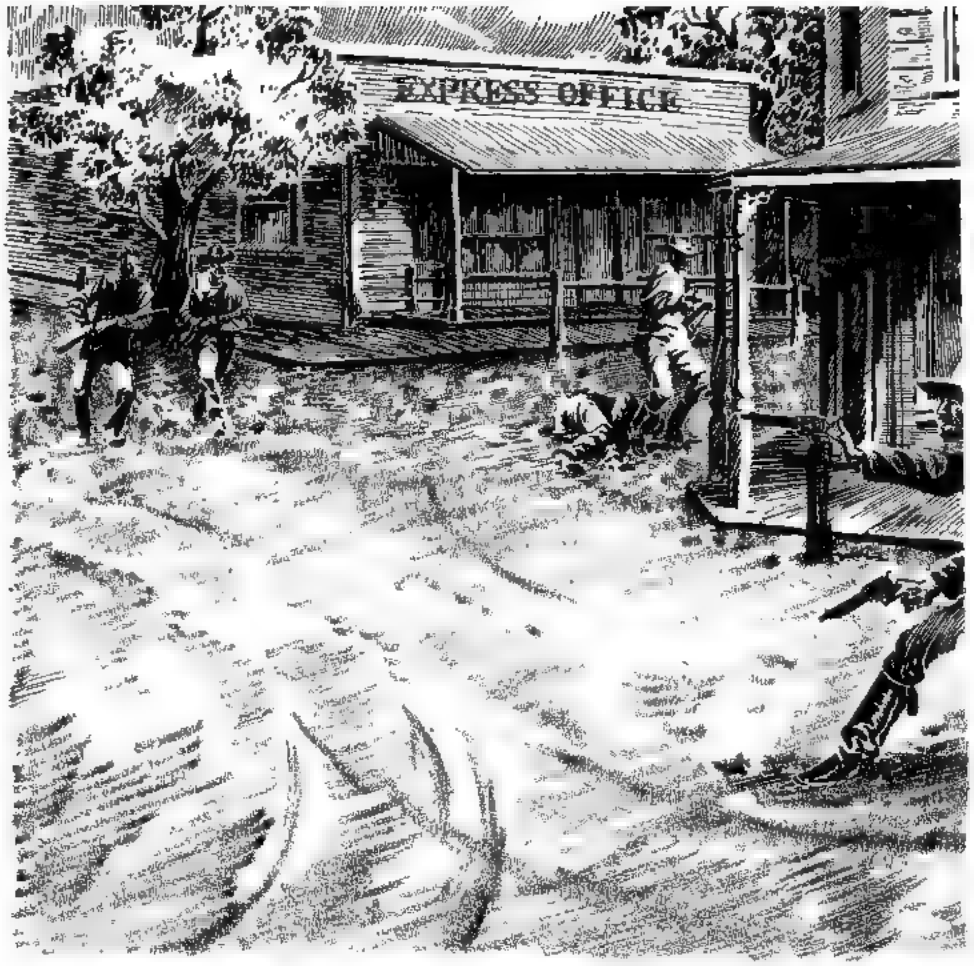
The headstone and foundation were carried 34 feet from the original resting place. A single footprint in the soft earth beside the grave was the only clue, police said.

Earp's grave, on the western slope of the gently rolling hill, had been visited regularly by persons who watch the dramatization of his exploits each week on television.

Left: Map of Cemetery showing approximate location of Earp's grave. A single footprint and some tire tracks are all the clues the police have to go on. Right: Earp's old deputy, A. M. King, of Santa Rosa, is shown standing at the robbed grave of Wyatt.



It took plenty of gun-play to get those court records from Cimarron, but the boys from Dodge City figured it was worth it



County Seat War

BY ROBERT DeARMENT

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

IT was cold in the little town of Ingalls, Kansas, in the early hours of Sunday, January 12, 1889. The men who piled into the bed of a heavy dray that morning, shivered in the pre-dawn chill. Huddled under buffalo robes, they started on a six mile journey down the Arkansas River. They wore mackinaws buttoned tightly against the cold and gunbelts against anyone who might try to interfere with their strange mission. On the front of their coats were pinned brand new deputy badges, fresh out of a box from Kansas City.

The cream of gun artists from nearby Dodge City were represented in that wagon. On the seat beside Charlie Reicheldeffer, the driver, was a wiry, sharp-eyed fellow who was building a reputation as one of the greatest of the frontier lawmen—Bill Tilghman. In the wagon bed behind were such gunslinging notables as Neal Brown, a Cherokee half-breed who had learned the finer points of the art of draw-and-shoot while serving as deputy city marshal to Wyatt Earp in Dodge during the Roaring Seventies; Fred Singer and Ben Daniels, both veteran law officers and gunhands; Billy Allensworth (or Ainsworth), Ed Brooks and George Bolds, younger men who had exhibited a definite talent for pistol play; Jim and Tom Masterson, younger brothers of the famous Bat Masterson, whose exploits were legendary in Western Kansas even as early as 1889; and Newt Watson, clerk of courts of the newly organized Gray County.

The men were quiet as the wagon creaked slowly out of Ingalls. They were thinking of the thousand dollar melon they would split when they returned from this trip. All they had to do to earn the thousand was to take the Gray County court records from the courthouse at Cimarron and deliver them to Mr. Asa T. Soule . . .

When Asa Soule came to Kansas in the middle 1880's he was already a multi-millionaire, having amassed a fortune in the East from the sale of a panacea called Hop Bitters. But Soule was energetic and imaginative, and he saw in southwestern Kansas great opportunity to become even richer. Immigrants were flooding the state. Land offices were swamped. The population of the western third of the state had increased a quarter of a million in two years. Fortunes were being made almost overnight by men of nerve and vision.

Soule had plenty of nerve. He considered himself a man of vision. He also had lots of money to back him up. The Hop Bitters King went to work. He built through Gray and Ford Counties the Eureka Irrigating Canal that was to turn the arid short grass country into a vast, green garden. When the great ditch was eighty miles long, Soule discovered that he could not get water into it. He gave up that project and turned to railroading.

He built a rail line over the fifty mile stretch from Dodge City to the village of Montezuma, only to find that nobody in Dodge wanted to go to Montezuma and the little freight that was shipped hardly paid for coal for the locomotive. Soule gave up the railroading business also, but he still was not discouraged. He looked around for a likely spot to make a million with a new county seat.

ONE of the most popular get-rich-quick schemes of Kansas in the 80's was the county seat racket. Town boomers, hoping to realize profits on their investments at the ratio of a hundred to one, bought up cheap prairie land, platted streets and lots, and resold the lots at tremendous profit. The trick was to

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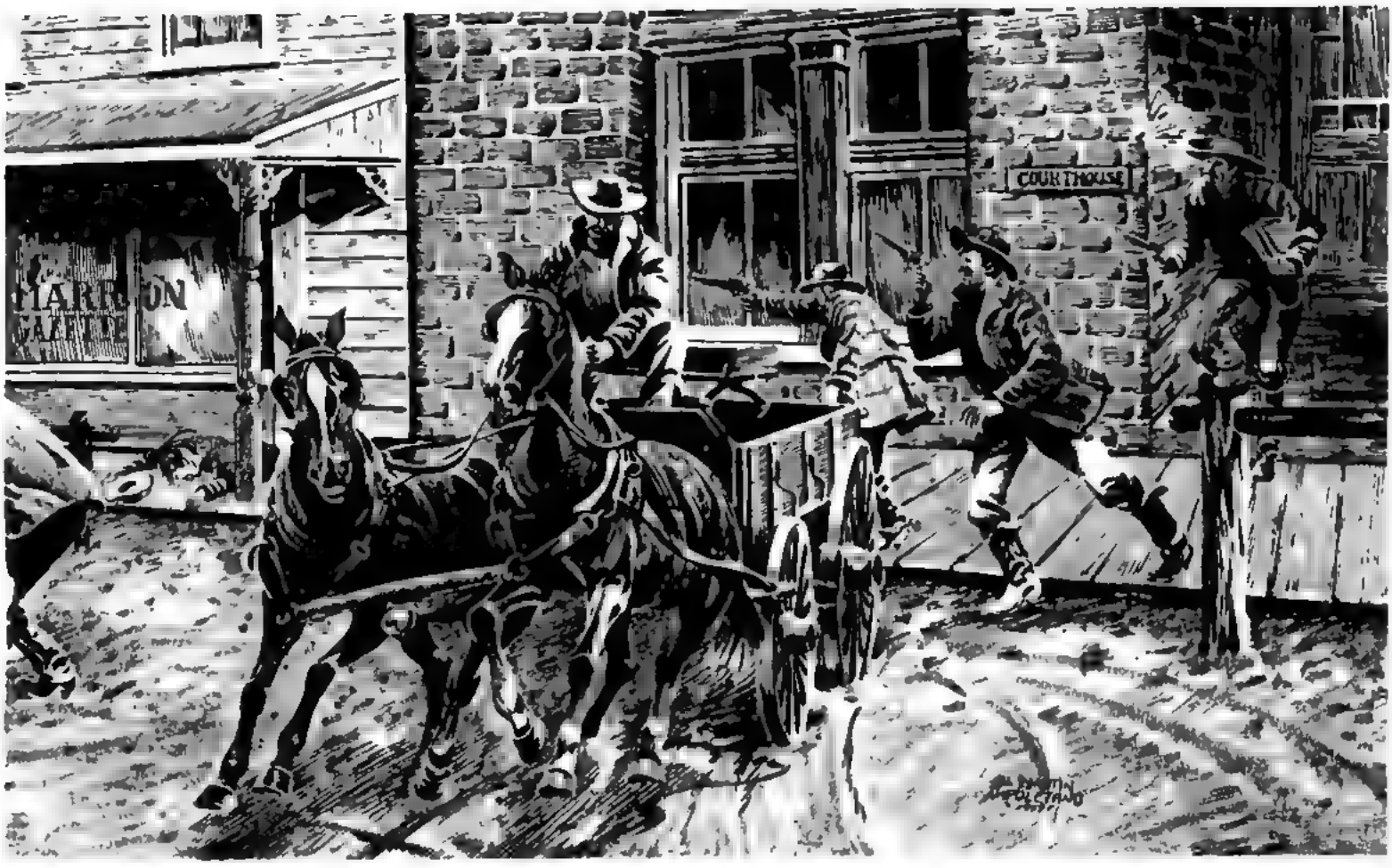


They broke for the wagon, snapping off shots as they ran. The thin sideboards of the wagon bed afforded little protection. Splinters flew as the aroused citizens concentrated their fire on the little group of mercenaries who were trying to steal their court records.

got their town voted as county seat. They employed any means to achieve this end. Rigged elections, intimidations, even murders were committed to gain and hold the seats of county government. The result of the town boomers' greed was the phenomenon that came to be known as the Kansas County Seat Wars.

Gunhands of repute suddenly found their services in great demand when elections were held in the new counties to determine the county seat. Rival towns openly wooed notorious gunslicks to provide a show of force at the polling places. Cold-blooded killers like Charles Coulter and Ed Prather were hired by unscrupulous promoters to cow opposition voters.

Leoti and Coronado vied for the seat of Wichita County in 1887. Their struggle reached its climax on the streets of Coronado. Three men were killed and five wounded.

The Hay Meadow Massacre of 1888 in which four men were wantonly murdered was a result of the fight between Hugoton and Woodsdale for the seat of Stevens County.

In desperation, responsible citizens sent out a call for help. They turned to Dodge City, the fabled Frontier Babylon, where Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Ben Daniels and Pat Sughrue were known to be more than a match for any hired gunslingers. These men, all former peace officers at Dodge during the cowcamp's wildest period, were employed as special deputies to maintain order at elections held in the new counties.

Bitter rivalry between Eminence and Ravanna marked a contest for the seat of Garfield County in 1887. C. J. "Buffalo" Jones, an old pioneer and prominent resident of Eminence, sent for Masterson and Tilghman. They arrived in Garfield County with an army of twenty deputies, and a peaceful election was held on November 8th. Garfield County old-timers testified later that the presence of the Dodge City six-gun corps that day was the only thing that prevented the worst gun battle in the history of the state.

The results of the bloody Wichita County contest were thrown out by the courts and a second election was scheduled in Leoti. Tilghman, Masterson, and Pat Sughrue were on hand to hold things level. Ed Prather appeared to stir up trouble, but he made the mistake of drawing on Bill Tilghman. It was a fatal mistake. Prather was buried shortly after the election ballots were counted.

WHEN Gray County, just west of Dodge City, was chartered, Asa T. Soule, the Hop Bitters King, organized the town of Ingalls on the Arkansas River. Cimarron, six miles down river, contended for the coveted prize as county seat. An election was held in October, 1887. Masterson, Tilghman, Ben Daniels, and several other Dodge City fighting men attended. Cimarron won the election, but Asa Soule, charging fraud, obtained a court order preventing certification of the vote. He carried the case to the courts.

The Gray County War dragged on for more than a year with bitterness and hatred on both sides increasing as the months dragged by. Skirmishes were fought both in the courts and in the streets of the rival towns.

By January of '89, Soule had run out of patience with the interminable court proceedings and decided to take decisive action on his own initiative. He had managed to get an Ingalls partisan elected to the post of clerk of courts in the fall elections of 1888. Newt Watson was his handpicked man and would carry out Soule's orders to the letter.

Cimarron, by virtue of the disputed election of '87, had been declared temporary county seat and held the Gray County court records. With those records, the symbols of county sovereignty, in his possession, Soule reasoned he could establish a courthouse at Ingalls and claim the town as the county seat. Cimarron could fight its battle through the courts as long as it wanted. Meanwhile Ingalls would boom and the Hop Bitters King would cash in big.

When "Buffalo Joe" Reynolds, Gray County sheriff and a Cimarron sympathizer, was wounded in a gunfight with rustlers, Soule saw his opportunity. He had Newt Watson name Bill Tilghman temporary sheriff. Tilghman was instructed to deputize the biggest names in Dodge's six-shooter fraternity to help him do a job of work. Soule wanted those records and he was willing to pay one thousand dollars to get them. He wished to avoid gunplay and unfavorable publicity if possible, but if trouble developed, he wanted case-hardened fighters on hand to carry through on the job. He chose an early Sunday morning for his strike . . .

The streets of Cimarron, bathed in brilliant sunlight, were deserted when Charlie Reichelderfer wheeled his wagon into town. As Soule had anticipated, the Cimarron gentry were sleeping off the after effects of a boisterous Saturday night. The wagon halted in front of a two-story brick building that the town

Frontier Pix

A group of Dodge City, Kansas, gunfighters, from an old photograph taken in Kansas City in 1871. Reading from left to right they are: Top row: W. H. Harris, Luke Short, Bat Masterson; Sitting: C. Bassett, Wyatt Earp, McNeal, and Neal Brown.

used as a courthouse and disgorged its cargo of gunfighters.

NEAL BROWN and Jim and Tom Masterson forced their way into the building, climbed the stairs to the second floor where the records and official seal were kept, and began loading up. Below, their fellow deputies were strung out along the street, standing guard.

A great deal in the way of legal business had taken place in Gray County during its short existence and there were many volumes of records. Brown and the Mastersons had to make several trips up and down the stairs. They were just emerging from the building, arms loaded with documents, when a Cimarron insomniac turned the corner and stared at them in wonder. Calmly placing their burdens in the bed of the wagon, the looters went back inside for more.

The Cimarron early riser blinked at the row of Dodge City hard-cases lounging along the street. Comprehension suddenly swept over him. "They're stealing the court records!" he yelped, and scooted back around the corner.

Soon the town was in a turmoil as this Western style Paul Revere sprinted through the streets, shouting his warning. The citizens of Cimarron answered the call in nightshirts and underwear. Winchesters, Sharps buffalo guns and Frontier Colts were snatched up and immediately put into action. A hail of lead from doorways and windows poured into the army of the Hops Bitters Magnate. Half-dressed sharpshooters, shivering with excitement and the chill of the January morning, took up positions behind water troughs and hitch racks and banged away at the invaders.

Bill Tilghman and company began to find the stations in front of the courthouse extremely hazardous. They broke for the wagon, snapping off shots as they ran. The thin sideboards of the wagon bed afforded little protection. Splinters flew as the town's embattled defenders concentrated their fire on the little group of mercenaries huddled behind the dray.

ED BROOKS dropped to the plank sidewalk, a bullet through his abdomen, George Bolds was hit in the leg, fell down, got up, and was hit again. He was dragging himself erect on his shattered legs when a bullet smashed into his head and slammed him to the ground again. Bill Tilghman dropped his smoking six-gun and clapped a hand to his leg. A Cimarron slug had torn through his calf. It was the only wound he was ever to receive in his long and eventful career as a frontier peace officer until he was killed in 1924.

"Where the hell are the Mastersons?" shouted Fred Singer as he reloaded.

"Look!" Newt Watson jabbed a finger at the second story windows of the courthouse. The Masterson brothers and Neal Brown had interrupted their looting to join in the battle. Smoke poured from the windows as they blasted away.

"We can't wait for them," Tilghman yelled. "If we don't haul our freight, none of us will get out of this!"

At that instant came a turn in the battle which hastened the withdrawal of the outer courthouse guard. Charlie Reicheldeffer, fighting the reins, had been sitting fully exposed on the seat throughout the early moments of the battle. Suddenly a rifle bullet tumbled him backward into the wagon bed and the frightened, plunging team jerked the dray down the street toward the river. The invaders were left without cover of any kind. They began to work down the street after the wagon, firing blindly at their tormentors. George Bolds hobbled along, using his Winchester for a crutch. Ed Brooks left a trail of blood on the

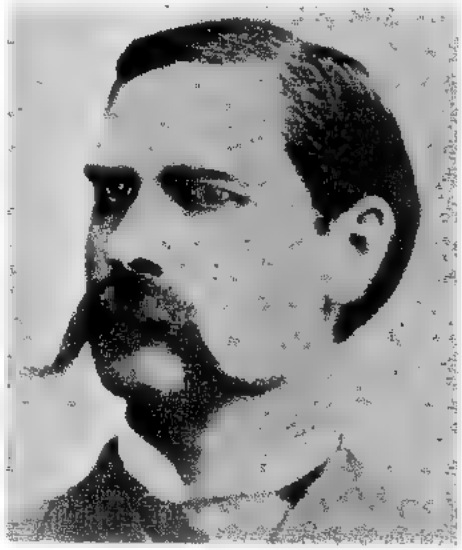
(Continued on page 48)

Left: Bill Tilghman, U. S. Marshal. Center: Asa Titus Soule, the Hop Bitters King. Right: Wyatt Earp, as he appeared in 1886.

Frontier Pix

Studio De Lori

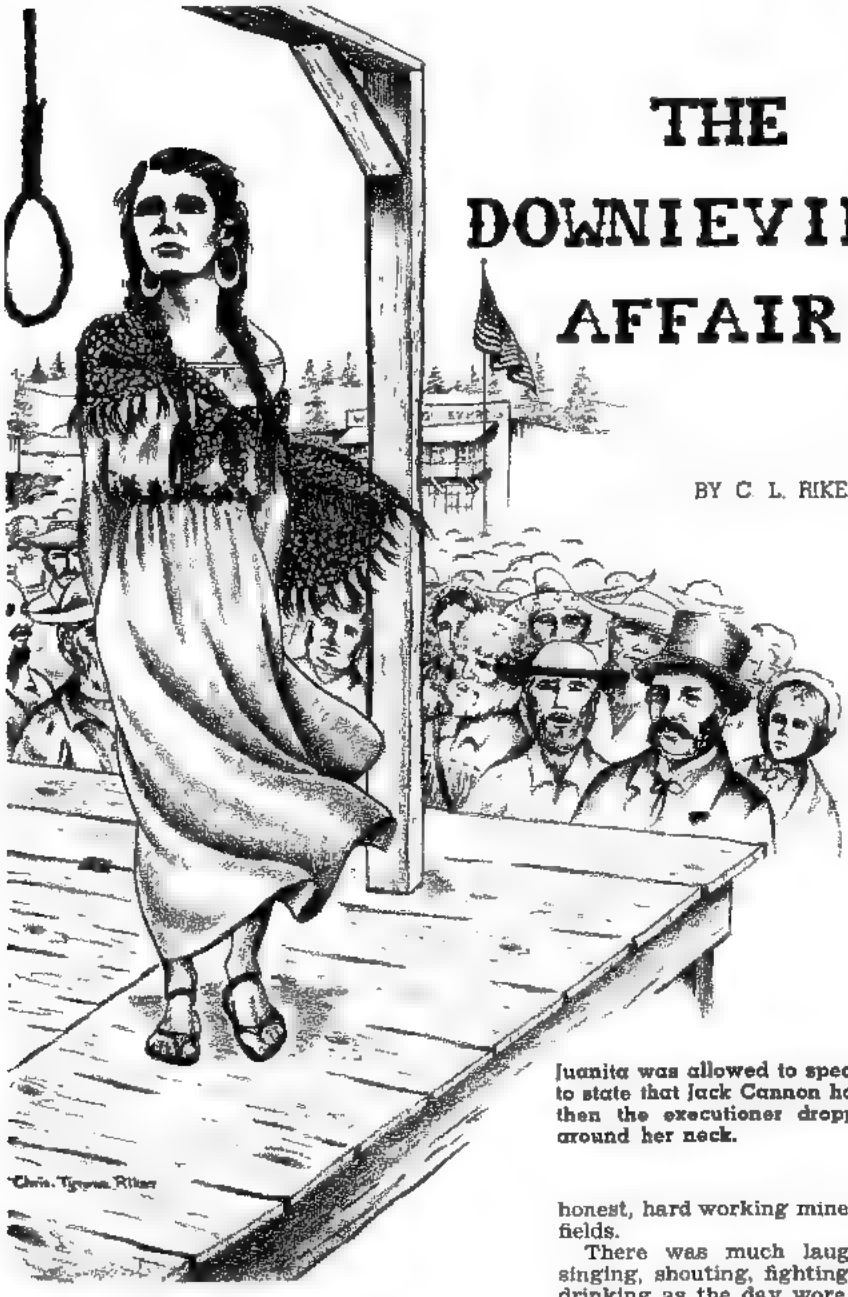
Frontier Pix



Wild Old Days

THE DOWNIEVILLE AFFAIR

BY C. L. RIKER



Juanita was allowed to speak long enough to state that Jack Cannon had insulted her, then the executioner dropped the noose around her neck.

HEP! Hep! Hurrah! Drink a toast to "Old Glory!" Slap your knee, toss your hat in the air, and let's have another round! It's the fourth of July, 1851, and California is a state now.

On such a merry stage was played one of the strangest dramas of the raw and rowdy gold rush. People had poured into Downieville from miles around to celebrate the occasion. Downieville was a mining town of some 3000 people, sprawled on both banks of the Yuba River's north fork, and connected by a bridge between Jersey flat and Durgan flat.

Dusty, bearded men in miners boots and faded shirts mingled with gamblers in fancy vests and frock coats, and the various adventurers who followed the honest, hard working miner into the gold fields.

There was much laughing, talking, singing, shouting, fighting, dancing, and drinking as the day wore on. One knife fight occurred which was hastily broken up; a miner's court immediately held a trial, and the defendent was sentenced to a whipping, which was administered on the spot. Such an ordinary event wasn't enough to slow the pace of the merry-making. Liquor was flowing freely, it being the most plentiful commodity in the mother lode—the scarcest commodity being women. In the early days when the miners gathered for fun and dancing, some of the men would tie handkerchiefs around their arms, thus becoming "ladies" for their dancing partners. There were, of course, the Mexican "fandango halls," especially in the southern mines, but the Americans scorned them—at first. As hordes of fortune seekers poured into the area, this prejudice was soon relaxed.

There was in Downieville at that time, a popular and well liked gentleman gambler; a Scotsman named Jack Cannon. A pretty young dance-hall girl named Juanita had caught his eye, and the more his whiskey glass was filled that day, the more his thoughts turned toward her.

During the night, Cannon and a friend named Lawson passed the adobe house where Juanita was living with her mate, Jose. They smashed down the door of her house.

The next morning found them again at the house where an argument developed and flamed high. Cannon spit a fusillade of insults at the girl and was foolish enough not to be warned by the blazing flash of her eyes. Quickly she snatched a knife from her dress and buried it in his breast.

A crowd quickly formed, a miner's court was improvised, and she was sentenced to be hanged. A few of the cooler heads in the crowd tried to interfere, in particular a Dr. Aiken, who tried to convince the miners that she was with child and should be spared. All he got for his attempt to defend her was an order to leave town promptly, which he did.

A scaffold was erected on the bank of the river near the bridge and a large crowd gathered to witness the scene. Juanita was allowed to speak long enough to state that Jack Cannon had insulted her, then the executioner dropped the noose around her neck.

Thus the final curtain closed on the tragic drama of Juanita, the first and only woman ever hanged in the mother lode.

WHO IS THERE TO MOURN FOR LOGAN?

BY NORMAN B. WILTSEY

UNDER a spreading elm on the bank of Congo Creek, Ohio, in the summer of 1774, was uttered the most eloquent speech ever made by an American Indian. Here Logan, great Mingo warrior, poured out in sonorous cadence his bitter anguish at the recent brutal murder of his mother, younger brother, and only sister at the hands of the whites.

No close-pressing circle of war-painted braves heard Logan's tragic lament; his only audience was his trusted friend, Colonel John Gibson. The Colonel, deeply moved by the impassioned sincerity of the Indian's brief speech, wrote down the words in his dispatch book. Next day, at nearby Camp Chillicothe, Gibson stood before his assembled brother officers and read the speech aloud:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked and I gave him not clothing.

"During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his lodge an advocate for peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to live with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and chil-

(Continued on page 40)

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Cow Killers"

Drawings by Bill Leftwich
Text by Fred Gipson

From the book "The Cow Killers," published by The University of Texas Press, Austin, 1956.

GOD'S OWN LITTLE PIG

NEAR the village of Tirindaro stood an ancient adobe-walled hut, roofed with short, overlapping sections of maguey blades. In the hut lived an Indian woman of so many years that The People called her "The Old One." With The Old One lived Chuchi, a spotted, long-snouted, diminutive pig.

The pig Chuchi filled that great place in the heart of The Old One left empty by the death of her man, by the loss of two sons to the army, and by the one daughter who worked in a *casa de putas* and seldom bothered to visit her mother.

Chuchi ate beans and tortillas with The Old One. At night he slept on the same floor mat, snuggling up against her withered breasts in a manner to remind her of that long-ago time when those breasts were full to bursting with milk for hungry babies. And any time of the day when Chuchi wandered from the hut, nuzzling for food among the cow droppings and garbage dumps of the village, The Old One had only to call and Chuchi came, running and squealing, to rub against The Old One's spindly legs and utter little grunts of affection.

Chuchi was the one warm, living, breathing creature that stood between The Old One and the vast loneliness known to the old ones in every land.

Thus it was to be expected that when *La Comision* came with its long and wicked needles, The Old One rose up in defense of her beloved.

First she reasoned, then she pleaded, and finally, realizing the inevitable, she felt leap inside her a dark and terrible anger. Down from the low roof of the hut she snatched a scythe with a fresh-honed edge that glinted in the sunlight. Wheeling, she ran forward and placed herself between Chuchi and the soldiers. Standing there with the scythe raised threateningly, with her bare feet planted wide apart in the hot dust of Mexico's earth, she stared straight into the black bores of the rifles trained on her and cursed the soldiers and the gringos with magnificent defiance.

"Dogs of dogs!" she charged them. "He-goats! Offspring of the devil's whores! Would you murder God's own little pig?"

They would do even that!

While the soldiers, guns held ready, advanced upon her, a dog of a *matavaca* sneaked in from behind and snatched up the squealing Chuchi.

The Old One whirled with a scream of rage. The scythe flashed a bright arc in the sunlight. But a hard-swung rifle barrel deflected the deadly blow and chopped the Old One down, felling her to the earth, where her screams all but drowned out the gasping squeals of the terrified Chuchi as the long needle drove under his skin.

When The Old One finally struggled to her feet, *los matavacas* were already departing. She ran after them a way, shouting curses and obscenities through the dust kicked up by the rubber-tired wheels. Then, weeping brokenly, she returned to gather the beloved Chuchi into her arms and await his death.

By one of God's miracles, Chuchi lived, although for months afterward he wore a knot above one ear, a terrible knot, fully as large as one of The Old One's gnarled and broken-nailed thumbs.

A ROPER OF UNCOMMON ABILITY

TO Zinapecuaro, where members of *La Comision* picked the cattle, came a diminutive vaquero known as The Small One. He came with soft, eager eyes and a consuming desire to assist the gringos in their work.

He said to the inspector: "I, *senor,* am a roper of uncommon ability. Witness the condition of my *reata.*"

He held up for inspection a hard-twist rope of maguey fiber known as the *reata de pita,* one so knotted and frayed by hard usage that the inspector was instantly convinced that only a roper of uncommon ability could catch anything with it.

But the offer of assistance in a region where the work of *La Comision* was met with sullen resistance called for indulgence. The inspector nodded.

The Small One moved into the milling, bawling herd. He selected a huge bull and made his cast.

The loop settled about the bull's horns. Other vaqueros tied onto the rope with The Small One. Together they dragged the plunging animal to a snubbing post, where they tied him securely.

But the strength of the bull was such that one sudden twist of his mighty head broke the frayed rope.

"*Madre de Dios!*" cried The Small One in consternation. "The great beast has broken the only reata I *possess!*"

He turned to the inspector, spreading limp and upturned palms to demonstrate the extent of the calamity.

"*Senor,*" he said, "I am informed that you possess a *reata* like none to be found in Mexico. One woven from the fibers of silk and of incredible strength and flexibility. Is it possible that you would favor me with the loan of it? Otherwise, I am helpless to continue with the work."

The inspector went to the power wagon. He brought out a new silk rope that he'd had sent down from Texas after learning that the ropes furnished by *La Comision* lacked the strength to hold the heavier bulls. He handed it to The Small One, whose eyes grew round with wonder at the white beauty of it.

"*Cristo Santo!*" cried The Small One. "What a miracle of construction!" He turned to the others. "Observe the feel of it. How smooth to the touch! How firm and alive! Like the flesh of a strong young woman!"

BEFORE the others had a chance to observe the feel of the silk *reata,* however, The Small One whirled toward the herd, exclaiming, "With such a *reata,* it is impossible to miss! Allow me to demonstrate."

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And he did so. In his hands, the new silk rope became a live thing that hissed and sang as the loop leaped through the air with deadly accuracy. Not once did the loop miss its target, even at the longest cast.

Nor was there a bull in the herd with the strength to break it.

Huge bulls, great *bravos* from the mountain, threw their full weight against it and were helpless.

All vaqueros present agreed that this was a *reata superior*, and all agreed that it was a cruel stroke of fate that the gringo owner should lose it.

But accidents will occur, even to a roper of uncommon ability.

The work with the needle was done. The corral gates were flung open. The harassed cattle were stampeding for the open when The Small One attempted to remove the loop of the inspector's new rope from the horns of the last bull.

Was it his fault that at that very instant the impatient bull made a dash for freedom? Was he to be blamed for not gripping tighter a rope that was running through his bare hands at such a speed as to burn them like a hot iron? Did he not run after the bull, shouting and waving his hands, calling on the recalcitrant beast to halt? Was he not still chasing after the bull when the animal led him out of sight of the corrals?

Only an outraged gringo, bitter at the loss of a new silk *reata*, would have been so unkind as to suggest that The Small One was a "Damned thief who aimed to steal my rope from the start!"

WHAT IS THE REMEDY FOR DEATH?

SUCH attitudes did some of the gringos hold! Such a blindness to the simple facts of life!

One came into a village in the hot district of Michoacan, his eyes round with amazement, his lips quivering with questions.

"I drove past this Mexican on a mountain road," the gringo exclaimed. "The man was driving one burro. Lying across this burro's back was another whose head the man bore on his shoulder. What was the meaning of such conduct? What does it signify?"

The interpretation was one of absolute simplicity. One of the man's beloved burros was infirm. The owner was merely assisting the poor creature to water or to his home where he might care for it.

"But how can this be?" the gringo persisted. "How can a Mexican be said to love his burros when he beats and curses them as he does his woman, when he allows them to die of hunger and disease?"

Such a question! A man beats his burro or his woman when they become laggard. He allows them to go hungry because he is poor and has no food. If they die, it is because God wills it, and where is the remedy for death?

These are simple facts of life and have nothing to do with a man's capacity for love.

THERE IS ALWAYS TOMORROW

IN Mexico, as all Mexicans know, there is always tomorrow, a much better time than today for performing whatever labors cannot be entirely avoided.

But apparently gringo members of *La Comision* were completely unaware of this truth. Like men bitten by little ants, they drove furiously here and there, worked as if time could not wait, and had no respect for the siesta hour.

Also, at times, they were guilty of disturbing one's sleep with foolish and inconsiderate questions.

Consider the act of one called Eduardo Quinonez, of Laredo, Texas. With such a name and such a birthplace, it would seem that he might understand The People. But this was not so.

On a sunny afternoon, as he drove his power wagon along a four-lane burro trail near the village of Penjamo, he came upon a wide flat, devoid of trees.

(Continued on page 30)

Lee S. Badgett

A Cactus Saddle

BY LEE S. BADGETT

as told to H. Crosby Badgett

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth

He'd done some bragging about riding a "cactus saddle." Then came a black, stormy night when he found himself a-straddle of one

I guess I was as cocky as any other young cowpoke—especially when I'd had a few too many. Then when folks asked me where I was from, I'd give 'em a long spiel. It went something like this:

"I come from a tough country. Come down the creek a-riding a grizzly bear with a cactus saddle, packing a bobcat under each arm and using a rattlesnake for a quirt. But, back home, the tough guys run me out!"

I'd about forgot that old spiel till a while back when I run into a feller in Miles and we got to swapping stories over our beer about the CBC outfit.

The CBC (Chapple Brothers) was a horse outfit. They run out of Miles City, Montana, on the North Side. They was running about ten thousand head of horses when I hawked for them. That was in 1933, hot and dry as hell.

I'd worked for cow outfits and I'd broke a lot of horses, but I'd never worked on a horse outfit before that. My Dad always raised good horses, and so did all our neighbors. Every year, the buyers for cavalry horses would come around and me and my brother would be busy snapping out broncs and showing them. Then, usually, after the horse business was done, I'd get me a job with some cow outfit. But in the spring of '33 we heard that the CBC was paying forty a month, and that was ten bucks more than the cow outfits was paying. Kirk and me didn't lose much time heading for Miles.

Sid Vollin, the CBC foreman, gave Kirk a job as a regular hand and me a job hawking. There was only one day-wrangler, but there was two of us night-hawks. Old Jeff Nix was the other one. About the first of June we set out on the roundup north from Miles City.

Here in our country when we say the North Side, we mean all the way from the Yellowstone to the Big Mizoo (Missouri). Now that's a damn big country, and during the late 1920's and early '30's it was pretty much open. You could ride for miles without hitting a fence. Later on, that fact was to save my hide.

I was pretty much lost in that country. Where I was raised, we run our cattle on the forest and I knowed every tree, hill, and side-draw. But the North Side had me plumb twisted around; I just couldn't seem to locate any landmarks. The country is open and bare, and one big hill looks just like another. But I always managed to find my way into camp in the morning, especially since Jeff was good about helping me to get located each night. He'd rode the same country with the CBC wagon before, and he took a liking to me and helped me all he could.

BY the middle of June we'd worked over to the Stellar Reservoir, about thirty miles north of Forsyth. It was hot that morning, and the sky had a queer brassy look when I bedded down in the hawks' tent. When I woke up in the afternoon, I saw that Jeff's bed was empty and I knowed damn well he'd got up because it was too hot to sleep. I rolled me a cigarette and laid there a spell. But it was too hot and sticky to grab another nap, so I rolled out, too.

When I stepped outside the tent, I saw Jeff talking serious-like to old George Helm, the cook. George had the flaps of the cook-tent open so he could get a little air. He was fussing over his pots and pans and cussing the little swirls of dust the wind kicked up.

I walked over to them. Jeff pointed to the sky and said, "Look at them clouds piling up over there, Lee. Looks like we might have a peck of trouble holding our horses tonight if she blows up a good thunderstorm."

Big black clouds was banking up in the northwest. I looked at the clouds and back at the reservoir. There was a fence running across the shallow end of the reservoir on the west. It swung along the south side, then curved right back below the dam at the east end. That fence formed a neat little pasture between it and the reservoir along its south side. I got an idea.

"Look, Jeff," I said. "Can't we hold the cavvy inside that fence?"

Jeff studied the fence a minute. "I reckon so. I'll stay at the west end to keep them from making a run around the fence in the shallow water." He looked straight at me. "Lee, do you think you can hold 'em at the dam end, in case they spook?"

I nodded. I'd sure try, and that was all anybody could do.

The sticky heat had Jeff nerved up as I was, and I knowed it. The clouds wasn't building up very fast and the air was still, except for them little whirlwinds that kept blowing dirt into old George's cooking pots and giving him fits. We wouldn't a-been so worried if the storm had been building up faster. Then there'd a-been a good chance it would be all done and blowed over before dark.

DURING supper all the hands kept watching that threatening sky and watching Jeff and me. They was laying bets on how many horses we'd have left by morning. The boys that was going to night guard the horse herd on the north side of the reservoir didn't have much to say. I knowed they was all wishing they didn't have to be on guard that night. We had 296 head of horses in the cavvy. Part of them belonged to reps who was sent from other outfits to ride with us, but the big end was CBC horses. The horse herd, mostly mares and colts, would have tallied about 330 head. They was partly reps' horses too, but mostly CBC.

Sid asked Jeff and me where we was figuring on holding the cavvy, and nodded in agreement when we told him. If

I even felt like I might be riding that cactus saddle I'd bragged about.

he was worried, that poker face of his never showed it.

I roped a little chestnut horse to ride that night. He was a nervy little devil with a lot of heart, and I hoped he'd come through for me. If he didn't—well, there was no damn sense borrowing trouble.

The day-wrangler turned the cavvy over to us about eight o'clock and we pushed them across the dam into the little pasture. Jeff rode off toward the west end of the fence, shouting "Good luck!" over his shoulder. I rode Chesty a few feet out onto the dam, rolled a cigarette and waited. I've never felt so alone in my life—before or since.

The clouds was making it get dark fast now, and the gusts of wind was stronger. The mares in the horse herd with their colts was fidgeting, wanting to get back to their home ranges. The cavvy horses was rolling their eyes nervous-like at the fence, hearing the wires a-singing a tune in the wind. I could just make out Sid, still sitting in front of the cook-tent, nursing a cup of coffee and watching the sky. While I looked that way, old George come out of the tent with the lighted lantern and hung it on the corner of the tent like he did every night. I felt better, seeing that friendly yellow gleam. Chesty hunkered down on a hind leg, and we waited.

By now the sheet-lightning was putting a right fancy show in the northwest, but it was show I didn't much like. I rolled a fresh cigarette and took a deep drag. The smoke like to choke me down, and I discovered my throat was all tied up in a knot. Then I tried to swallow—and found out I didn't have any spit. That was when I knew just how scared I was. I hauled out my watch to check the time, but the wind was blowing so hard I couldn't nurse a match-flame long enough to see the dial

The horses on both sides of the reservoir was milling now and nickering anxiously once in a while. I could hear a rep, standing night guard with the herd, cussing a blue streak at both horses and weather. Then a bolt of lightning hit right near the horse herd, followed instantly by a crash of thunder.

A yearling colt started to run, and the rep, still cussing without losing a breath, jumped his horse out after it. He got it turned back and it ran right on into the reservoir, making a hell of a racket with its splashing. The noise spooked the cavvy so they all wheeled away from the fence and headed for the dam.

I gouged my spurs into Chesty and headed out across the dam in their lead. My hands was shaking, but I managed to fumble my lariat loose and I swung it like a bull-whip, trying to keep them off the dam and get them milling. Some of them dodged past me, hitting Chesty and bruising my legs. More was coming, and Chesty was shaking life a leaf. I don't know what I yelled, but I hollered something and touched him with the spurs. He came out of it, running like a bat out of hell trying to get in the lead of them again.

We overtook some of them streaking horses in front, and they wheeled back toward the rest of the cavvy. That spooked the whole bunch into the fence below the dam.

Podner, I hope you never hear barb-wire screaming and posts thundering while 300 head of horses tears right through a fence! It scares a man so that he never forgets.

Them horses streaked down that fence line with me and Chesty right behind. Lightning struck near them again, and they wheeled and went right back through that fence. Chesty set his hind feet and spun around. I couldn't hold him now; he'd just naturally decided to save his own hide from that mess of panicky horses. So now we was riding out in their lead. I screwed myself down in the saddle and hoped Chesty wouldn't pick up a hole.

We swept out across the flat, heading for the hills. The cavvy was following us across sagebrush and cactus. There was prairie-dog holes and washouts, too, but they was running just as fast as if they'd been on a right fancy race-track. Chesty flattened his body every time he took a long leap ahead, so I could feel the sagebrush rushing up at me. The

(Continued on page 39)

Terror In The Canyon

BY VIRGIL HUTTON

"Anyone who would pull a crazy stunt like this had to be a fool or have the bravado of a Texan —and that caught me both ways!"

Maxine, Jack, and Virgil Hutton with Bobo —the best of the bunch.

THE idea began to shape up in my mind one day when I was taking a friend of mine from Grand Junction, Colorado, to Moab, Utah. On the way, he pointed to some mountains on the other side of the river and casually remarked, "I know where there are three old gold claims in Snake Canyon that were last worked in 1936. The ore is of a very low grade, and the only way of getting it out of the canyon is by floating it across the river. The old owners couldn't make any money, so they quit."

That sounded like it had possibilities of adventure, so I asked Bob if he'd draw me a map of the area. He worked me up a sketch showing the only trail into the canyon and the only spot where the river could be forded when the water was low.

After studying the map and making five trips into the area on foot, I found the old diggings and restaked the area. Samples taken from the diggings showed traces of silver and gold in complex ore. Encouraged by the assay findings, I began to figure how to get the ore out of the canyon. I quickly realized it would be quite a deal.

Knowing that it was virtually impossible to build a road into the area, I figured my best plan would be to pack the ore out to the mouth of the canyon and float it across the river. At the time, I had never been to the mouth of the canyon and knew nothing of the river currents or possible landing spots on the other side of the river. Accordingly, I bought a five-man rubber raft and decided to cruise the river and find out.

The canyon is located in such a spot that to reach it I'd have to travel between seven and ten miles over rugged terrain by land and five miles by water. Between the only two roads in this area reaching the river is a distance of twenty miles by highway. I figured if I started out above the canyon, I could go down the river by raft. After exploring the mouth of the canyon, I could then continue down the river to the next road which I figured to be about fifteen miles by water. Right there was my first *big* mistake.

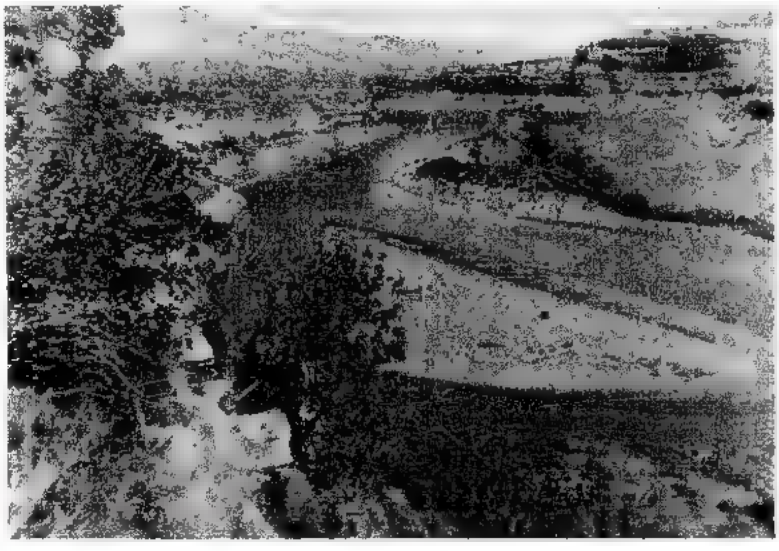
The next Saturday after I bought the raft we took off on our adventure. My wife drove our '55 Ford and I drove a borrowed pickup. Jack, my son, and Bobo, my dog, came along, too. We were to take the state line road to the river, fish and camp out over night, and next day drive the pickup twenty miles back to the highway. We would then drive about twenty miles more on the highway to the point where we were to put the raft into the river; then float down the river back to the spot where we'd left the car to complete the cycle. It all seemed so easy the way we'd planned it!

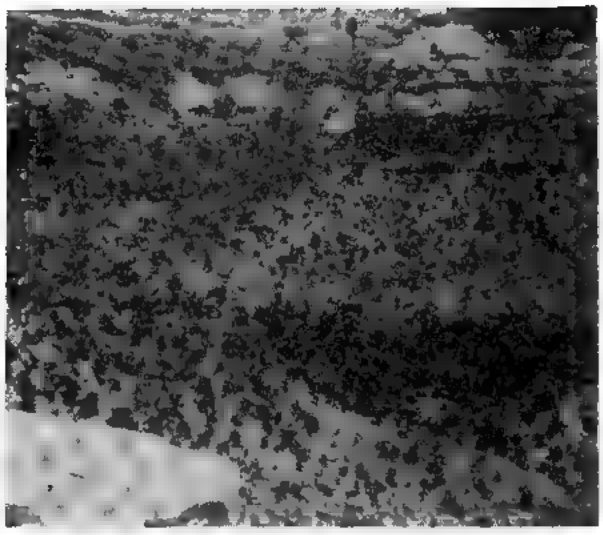
WE got to the state line road around eight o'clock Saturday night, and proceeded to the river via a very rough road for another twenty miles. After getting stuck in the pickup and losing the raft a couple of times, we made it to the river around ten o'clock. To add to the fun, it rained all night.

The next morning was clear. We ate breakfast, fished and watched the beaver swim and slap their tails in the water. We listened to the echo of the slaps bouncing back from the canyon walls, never realizing how vitally important these echoes were to become in our short expedition.

We took a final refreshing swim in the river and took off on our journey, driving back to the highway and on up to

Left: On the way down into the canyon. Right: Looking down the river from our starting point. Maxine is perched behind a tree.





Left: Looking up into Snake Canyon. Note gold diggings in dark granite, lower middle of picture—white quartz. I have this area staked. Right: Looking down Snake Canyon toward the river. This was taken on one of my many trips into the canyon via the old trail.

the river to our starting point. At two o'clock in the afternoon we launched our raft and embarked on a trip which I had estimated would not take over three hours at the most. By way of supplies we had a camera, cookies, candy, and drinking water.

We took pictures, talked, laughed, and had a big time as we drifted down the river to the mouth of Snake Canyon. We tied up the raft at this point and explored an old campsite, which appeared to have been left in a hurry as if the party had intended to return in a few hours.

It was weird. The old wall tent had rotted down. We found old clothes, rusted cooking utensils, an iron bed with mattress and springs, a porcelain wood-burning cookstove, jars of flour and salt, rusted tins of canned goods, and newspapers dating back thirteen years.

HERE was a prime mystery. Why would campers leave all these goods and never come back? Why would they leave food, clothes, and all their belongings? Could they have suddenly taken ill? Or, perhaps, had they intended to return but met with a fatal accident? Who knows?

At four o'clock, we left the mouth of the canyon and drifted on down the river. Rain started to fall, the current grew stronger and the river began to rise. The rapids grew worse and the wind whistled ominously. We still were laughing and talking, making an adventure out of the trip.

At six o'clock we came upon granite upheavals, jagged rocks and rapids, in the middle of the river. I rowed as hard as I could, but I couldn't fight the current. We were riding the rapids like a ship in a hurricane. Sheer cliffs soared up on both sides of the river, and I knew that even if we could beach the raft and climb the cliffs, it would be a good twenty miles to the nearest road. It was a time for fast thinking, and I did plenty of it.

I remembered that at the state line where we had left the car, the railroad came through the canyon—but where was *that*? We had been on the river for six hours, and still no sign of the canyon we were seeking nor any way out of the river canyon. It got dark as pitch, and naturally we had no flashlights. I cursed myself for being such a damned fool as to bring my family along on a trip like this. *Anyone* who would pull a crazy stunt like this had to be a fool or have the bravado of a Texan, and that caught me *both* ways!

We slid along rapidly now. I couldn't see what was ahead of us. I just went by the sounds of the river and stayed as close to the center of it as I could, so as to keep clear of rapids, boulders or drifts.

Nobody talked now. I guess maybe we were all praying except the dog. I knew Jack and Maxine were as scared as I was. I wasn't afraid for myself, but I knew if the raft capsized I wouldn't be able to keep them both up out of the current. I thought of the many times I had wriggled out of tight spots, but this was different. I've fought my way out of encircling brush fires, stepped on rattlers, been pulled from the water by my hair and saved from drowning, been lost in storm-swept mountains deer hunting, been thrown by a wild bull, and just escaped from an abandoned mine shaft before it caved in—but none of those little scrapes were like *this*. Here I had my loved ones under my protection, depending on me to save them, and I couldn't do a damned thing!

(Continued on page 30)

Left: A close-up of the water we traveled. Right: Remains of the mysterious old camp site we stumbled on.

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AFTER what seemed like days of fighting the raging river currents, shivering in the wind and spray and cold, I figured we were getting close to the state line. The problem now was how to tell *when* we were getting close. Suddenly I remembered the beaver and the canyon wall that echoed the slaps of their tails. So we traveled the rest of the blind way clapping our hands and shouting, in a desperate attempt to raise an echo from the canyon wall.

At last we heard beaver in the river, clapped our hands, shouted, and heard the return echo. Was this the place? The river had risen so high it was impossible to tell. There were no low banks where I had fished that morning; no sound of rapids indicating the shallow water where we had swum. Well, right place or not, we had to get ashore.

I rowed over to the bank, with the current carrying us faster and faster. We hit the bank hard, turning completely around as brush struck us in the face, nearly knocking us out of the raft. I reached blindly for something to cling to, grabbed a tree root and managed to hold the raft long enough for my wife to jump into the shallow water and pull the raft ashore.

I was still in doubt of the location until I found where we had camped that morning, and then I felt good all over. Our nightmare was over. I mustered enough strength to empty the water out of the raft, deflate it, and pack it to our car. We were wet and shivering with cold, and it was a glorious feeling to know that we had only to drive over the rough mountain road to the highway and on home! I looked at my watch when I reached the car and saw it was ten-thirty—eight and one-half hours after we'd started on what I'd blithely figured would be a three to four hour trip.

I found out later that if we had missed our landing we would have hit more rapids and rough canyons, and would have had to travel at least another thirty miles before reaching a road leading from the river. Near as I could figure it, we traveled close to thirty miles by water. It certainly was a harrowing trip, and we were glad it was all over.

Will I ever try it again? I sure will! But this time I'll carry plenty of grub, camping equipment, and a couple of good flashlights. Also, I'll allow plenty of time to prospect the many interesting box canyons we saw.

At present, I am building a drilling rig to be mounted on a jeep pickup for use in drilling and working the gold claims. If I don't hit it good there, I'll just keep looking. Old mines, buried treasure, uranium—they all spell adventure to me!

Editor's Note:

Author Hutton writes that the strange secret of the mysterious camp in the canyon may soon be solved. Another party of river explorers found a skeleton near the site. They notified the sheriff of their find, who, however, declined to descend the river to "pick up a mess of old bones!"

"The Cow Killers"

(Continued from page 25)

Out in the middle of this flat he saw a man asleep under his horse. The man had been careful to line up his horse in such a manner that the animal's body shielded him completely from the burning rays of the sun. The man slept, sitting up, with his back resting comfortably against the insides of his horse's forelegs.

The horse slept, also.

What manner of barbarians must these gringos be to arouse a man from such peaceful slumbers, merely to ask foolish questions?

But this Eduardo Quinonez did that very thing. He called to the sleeper and aroused him. "What passes, friend?" he asked. "Are you unable to sleep at night?"

"But, yes, *senor*," the man said. "I sleep at night. Why not?"

"Then why must you sleep also in the daytime?"

The man sat in deep thought for a long moment. At last, a smile broke across his broad face and he said the thing that is always best to say when one is asked a foolish question: "*Quien sabe, senor?* Who knows?"

Then he leaned back against the horse's legs and resumed his slumbers.

IS A TROOPER MADE OF IRON?

CONSIDER the truly tragic experience of a certain corporal of the Fourteenth Cavalry, quartered at Morelia.

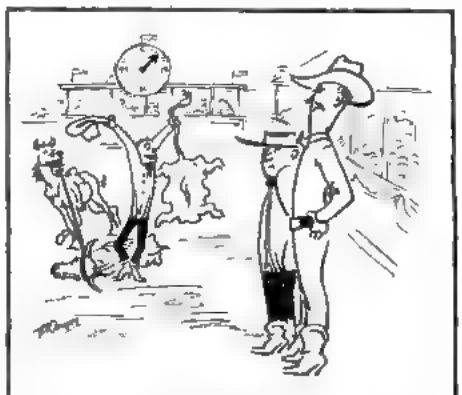
The sergeant said to the corporal: "You will ride to Villa Madero. The cavalry escort for *La Comision* has not been paid in two months. You will deliver their pay."

Now, from Morelia to Villa Madero is a long and tiresome day's journey, even in the dry season. In the wet season, as it was then, it is an almost impossible ride. The trails are wet and slippery. There are dangerously flooded streams to be forded. The rain pours down, wetting and chilling one to the very marrow of his bones.

Was it to be expected that even a brave corporal of the Fourteenth Cavalry make such a ride in such weather without seeking what small comforts as could be purchased at the various cantinas along the way?

True, the money he spent was not his money. Yet which of the corporal's fellow-troopers, comfortable in his dry quarters at Villa Madero, could find it in his soul to begrudge a tiny portion of his pay for so worthy a cause? Without wine to give the corporal strength, he might never complete the journey, might never deliver the money.

For truly this journey was an arduous one, made exceedingly more difficult by the horse the corporal rode. Was ever a Mexican trooper mounted upon a beast so stupid, one with so little ability to keep his feet under him? Let the corporal sway in his saddle but the slight-



"Show Off!"

...ICE ... D TO ...CTRONIC REPRODUC...

est as he lifted a wine jug to his lips, and out the horse's feet would fly and down into the mud they would go. Invariably, as the horse scrambled to his feet, he trampled upon the fallen trooper, bruising him and tracking his uniform with mud. Often many precious drops of wine were spilled, to soak into the mud where they could be recovered by no man.

Is a trooper made of iron? Can he endure such cruel punishment? No. Even the patience of a corporal has its limits.

When the horse fell again in the bottom of a deep and muddy canyon, pinning the corporal's leg under his threshing body, then rising to stamp unmercifully upon his rider, the corporal unslung his rifle. He took careful aim. He shot the clumsy beast between the eyes.

It was only two days later that, footsore and weary, he arrived at Villa Madero. He still had his saddle and blanket and bridle. He still had his rifle. He even had some of the payroll money left.

But would the soldiers allow him to tell of the dangers he had faced, the untold miseries he had endured, the toil and trouble and great sacrifice that had been necessary to bring them their money?

No! In their greed and stupidity, they became angry that the money, when apportioned, amounted to only five pesos each. They reported to the sergeant, and the sergeant was enraged by the shooting of that stupid horse and came and beat the poor corporal so unmercifully with his fists that the captain put the sergeant under arrest for thirty days.

As if that were not enough, the troopers jeered at the corporal. They asked him if, by shooting his horse, he was attempting to transfer to the infantry.

And on top of all the other indignities, now, at each payday, the poor soldier must endure having the major portion of his pay taken from him, that it might be applied to the cost of a horse, the cost of a wasted cartridge, and a bar bill to the amount of five hundred pesos.

All that to come from the pay of a corporal!

The Return of Old Sancho

(Continued from page 11)

Wichita, the South Canadian, the North Canadian, and the Cimarron. On into Kansas they trailed, across the Arkansas, around Dodge City, cowboy capital of the world, out of Kansas into Nebraska, over the wide, wide Platte, past the roaring cow town of Ogallala, up the North Platte, under the Black Hills, and then against the Big Horn Mountains. For two thousand miles, making ten or twelve miles a day, the Shiner herds trailed. They "walked with the grass." Slow, slow they moved. "Oh, it was a long and lonesome go"—as slow as the long drawn-out notes of "The Texas Lullaby," as slow as the night herder's song on a slow-walking horse:

It's a whoop and a yea, get along my little dogies,
For camp is far away;
It's a whoop and a yea and a-driving the dogies,
For Wyoming may be your new home.

When, finally, after listening for months, day and night, to the slow song of their motion, the "dogies" reached their "new home." Sancho was still halting every now and then to sniff southward for a whiff of the Mexican Gulf. The farther he got away from home, the less he seemed to like the change. He had never felt frost in September before. The Mexican peppers on the Esperanza were red ripe now.

The Wyoming outfit received the cattle. Then for a week the Texas men helped brand CR on their long sides before turning them loose on the new range. When Sancho's time came to be branded in the chute, one of the Texans yelled out, "There goes my pet. Stamp that CR brand on him good and deep." Another one said, "The line riders had better watch for his tracks."

AND now the Shiner men turned south, taking with them their saddle horses and chuck wagons—and leaving Sancho behind. They made good time, but a blue norther was whistling at their backs when they turned the remuda loose on the Frio River. After the "Cowboys' Christmas Ball" most of them settled down for a few weeks of winter sleep. They could rub tobacco juice in their eyes during the summer when they needed something in addition to night rides and runs to keep them awake.

Spring comes early down on the Esperanza. The mesquites were all in new leaf with that green so fresh and tender that the color seems to emanate into the sky. The bluebonnets and the pink phlox were sprinkling every hill and draw. The prickly pear was studded with waxy blossoms, and the glades were heavy with the perfume of white brush. It was a good season, and tallow weed and grass were coming together. It was time for the spring cow hunts and the putting up of herds for the annual drive north. The Shiners were at work.

"We were close to Kerr's cabin on Esperanza Creek," John Rigby told me, "when I looked across a pear flat and saw something that made me rub my eyes. I was riding with Joe Shiner, and we both stopped our horses."

"Do you see what I see?" John Rigby asked.

"Yes, but before I say, I'm going to read the brand," Joe Shiner answered.

They rode over. "You can hang me for a horse thief," John Rigby will tell, "if it wasn't that Sancho paint steer, four years old now, the Shiner 7Z road brand and the Wyoming CR range brand both showing on him as plain as boxcar letters."

The men rode on down to Kerr's.

"Yes," Kerr said, "Old Sancho got in about six weeks ago. His hoofs were worn mighty nigh down to the hair, but he wasn't lame. I thought Maria was going out of her senses, she was so glad to see him. She actually hugged him and she cried—and then she began feeding him hot tamales. She's made a batch of them nearly every day since, just to pet that steer. When she's not feeding him tamales, she's giving him *piloncillo*."

Sancho was slicking off and certainly did seem contented. He was coming up every night and sleeping at the gate, Maria said. She was nervous over the prospect of losing her pet, but Joe Shiner said that if that steer loved his home enough to walk back to it all the way from Wyoming, he wasn't going to drive him off again, even if he was putting up another herd for the CR owners.

As far as I can find out, Old Sancho lived right there on the Esperanza, now and then getting a tamale, tickling his palate with chili peppers in season, and generally staying fat on mesquite grass, until he died a natural death. He was one of the "walking Texas longhorns."

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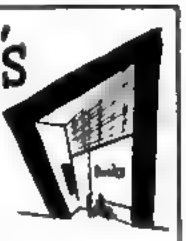

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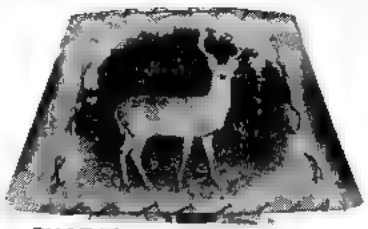

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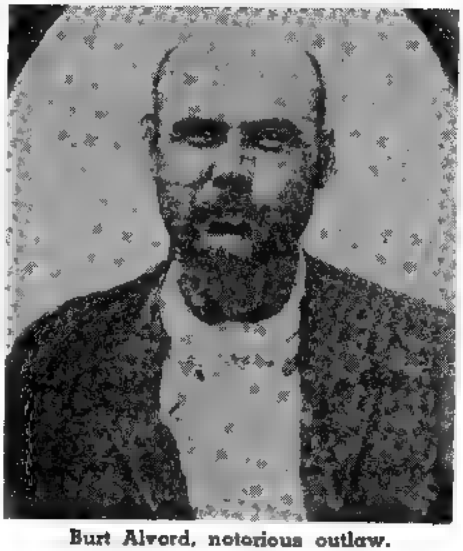

Burt Alvord, notorious outlaw.

Billy Stiles, member of Stiles-Alvord gang.

Cap Mossman and the Apache Devil

(Continued from page 6)

with his story. The manager thought he was crazy.

"But it ain't my head that's going to get blowed off," he said, and told Cap where to contact the half-brother, who was working twenty miles back in the hills.

Cap found the half-brother skeptical and surly. He talked fast and let him read Judge Barnes' letter. Convinced that Cap was here to do Alvord no harm, he loaned him a horse and saddle and told him how to reach Alvord's hideout.

Cap rode for several days. One evening he rounded a hill, and less than a hundred yards away he saw a big man standing on a slope in front of a stone cabin with a Winchester on his arm.

Cap kept his hand clear of his gun and rode straight toward him. When he was twenty feet away, the big man's rifle swung to level, and Cap halted. Cap had never met Alvord, but from the pictures he had seen on wanted posters, he knew he was face to face with the famous outlaw.

"I reckon you are Burt Alvord?" he said casually.

"Who are you?" the man snapped.

"Cap Mossman of the Arizona Rangers. But don't get excited. I came alone, and all this way, just to talk to you. I have a letter from Judge Barnes and news from your wife."

The outlaw lowered his Winchester. But Cap could see the muzzles of three other rifles pointed at him from cracks in the rock wall of the hut.

"Call off your men, Alvord. All I have is a revolver. I have more sense than to try to use it."

Alvord barked an order in Spanish for his men to pull in their guns, then ordered Cap down and demanded the letter.

Cap handed it over, and Alvord slowly spelled out the words. When he had finished, he asked Mossman how he had got there.

"Your half-brother told me the way," Cap replied.

"What do you want?"

"I'll tell you when we're alone," Cap said. "Right now I'm hungry."

ALVORD took him down the slope to a sheepherder's camp where he ate mutton, beans, and tortillas. After supper, Alvord and his gang sat around and drank mescal.

One of them took a fancy to Cap's silver-and-gold mounted Colt, and asked to see it. Mossman asked for his weapon in turn, and when they had traded weapons, the Mexican, mean and half drunk, remarked:

"It would be nice if the next time I visit my *dulce*, I could show her this fine pistol and tell her it was a gift to me from the Captain of the Arizona Rangers."

Cap smiled and said: "But how sad she would be if someone showed her your dead body."

The Mexican leaped to his feet, but Alvord shoved him down. "Leave him alone and give back his gun," he ordered. "He is my guest!"

Back at the hut, Cap and Alvord sat apart from the others. Cap asked to see the outlaw's bandaged wrist. Alvord explained that it had never healed and pained him at times. Cap examined it and told him if he didn't see a doctor soon it would have to be amputated.

"What's on your mind?" Alvord asked finally.

"Arrange it so I can meet Chacon up near the border," Cap said. "I'll help you get acquitted, and if I get Chacon, I'll split the rewards equally between you and Billy Stiles."

Alvord whistled. He thought Chacon too wily and suspicious to work a deal on like that. He would kill at the drop of a hat.

Cap suggested that Alvord work him in as a new member of his band.

"Colonel Greene's got the finest race horses in Arizona, and they're only a few miles above the border. I'm a friend of yours who just broke jail. I know all about these thoroughbreds and how to take them. I can even get the Colonel's personal stallion for Chacon."

Alvord nodded. It might work. But he would have to use Billy Stiles as a go-between. He didn't trust Stiles, neither did Cap, but he was all they had.

Cap left the next morning. Back home, things had changed as predicted. Already Teddy Roosevelt had appointed a Rough Rider, Major Brodie, territorial Governor. Cap properly submitted his letter of resignation. But Brodie wrote back, asking him to stay on until he found a man to replace him.

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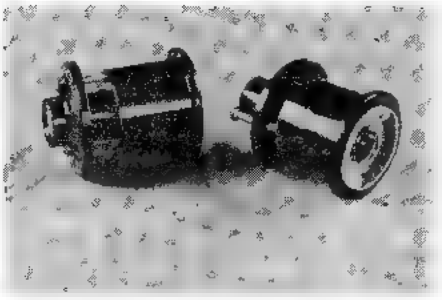

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This gave Cap more time. How much, he could not even guess. The Governor might make up his mind any day. Cap hoped to get Chacon before he did. But weeks slipped by with no word from Alvord.

CAP contacted United States Marshal W. H. McCord at Phoenix and asked him for a deputy's commission under guise that it would allow him to operate outside the Territory. McCord fell for the idea. He issued Cap his papers July 2, 1902.

Cap breathed easier. He could now fall back on his federal commission if necessary.

The capture of Chacon obsessed him. He had sworn to get the outlaw, and even if relieved of his office, he was going to stay on his trail as long as there was a thin hope. His pride, stubbornness, even his ego, was involved. Not until he had killed or captured the notorious bandit and brought him in to be legally hanged did he feel his duty to Arizona completed.

And his only chance depended on two desperate outlaws. Stiles was in it only for half the rewards still offered for Chacon. The other half didn't interest Alvord. He wanted to see his wife again, get his wrist fixed up, and some day dig up the loot from the Cochise robbery.

Even if they were able to lure Chacon to the border, there was no assurance Cap could take him. Chacon might kill him. But Cap vowed he wouldn't if he got the first shot.

But Cap didn't want him dead. His enemies and the skeptics would say he had killed only some peon he had got the drop on. Cap wanted them to see that he had really captured the great *bandido*.

Cap received a wire from Governor Brodie. His resignation, tendered in July, would be accepted August 31st. On September 1, Tom Rynning, a former Sergeant in the famous old Sixth Cavalry and Lieutenant of Troop B of the Rough Riders, became the new Captain of the Rangers.

Cap was through as a Ranger. He still had his deputy marshal's commission. But it looked like he wouldn't even need it now.

Then, the following evening just before dark, Billy Stiles brought him word at Bisbee that Alvord had arranged a rendezvous with Chacon.

As they headed south that night and crossed the border at Naco, Cap didn't even consider that he might be riding to his death.

BY morning they were twenty-five miles south, near Carizzo Springs, with no sign of Alvord or Chacon. Cap was worried. He had not been sure of Stiles' loyalty from the beginning. But Stiles seemed disturbed over the failure to make connections as Alvord had planned. He decided they had ridden too far.

They kept out of sight in the chaparral most of the day, then started back to the border. About nine o'clock that night they were on the east slope of the San Jose Mountains when two figures rode toward them.

Alvord made no introductions. He addressed Mossman as "amigo," and Cap nodded to Chacon. Chacon grunted. Cap could feel the outlaw's eyes boring at him through the darkness, and he began talking about Colonel Greene's horses.

"His stallion is in pasture with about forty thoroughbred mares. We can cut

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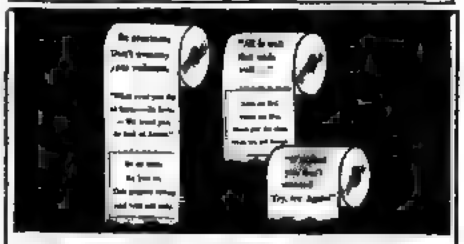

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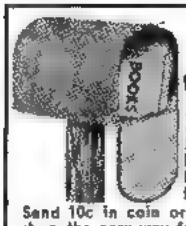

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the international fence just west of Naco, grab them tonight, and by morning be away down in Sonora."

Again Chacon grunted and said in Spanish that it was too dark to attempt the raid this night. Obviously, he suspected a trap and was choosing his own time. Cap agreed to camp the rest of the night and decide the matter the next day.

They camped back in the mesquite and greasewood. Stiles built a fire, and the men bedded down on their saddles and blankets with their revolvers and rifles. Cap noted that Chacon carried a knife on his left hip.

Cap fought off sleep. He intended to be alive in the morning. He kept double watch on Alvord and Stiles. He couldn't trust either of them, and any moment Chacon might try to kill him.

It started raining at midnight, and Cap put on his slicker. He slipped his revolver from its holster, and as he huddled against the trunk of a mesquite tree, he gripped the butt and rested the long barrel across his leg under the tail of his coat.

At daybreak, Alvord saddled his horse and said he was going to look for some clean water. Cap stood close to him, and Alvord whispered from the side of his mouth: "Watch Stiles." Then he mounted and was gone.

Cap knew Alvord had ridden out for good. He had kept his end of the bargain. It was up to Mossman now. And Cap moved in position to watch both Chacon and Stiles.

Stiles rekindled the fire and brought out a chunk of bacon and cold biscuits. Alvord's excuse for leaving had not satisfied Chacon. His eyes never left Mossman's face while the bacon sizzled over the blaze.

CHACON squatted by Stiles, and the two men lighted fragrant Mexican cigarettes. Cap walked up to Chacon and asked for one. Chacon handed up the pack. Cap took one and handed it back. Then he picked up a burning twig and lighted it. Suddenly he dropped the burning stick with a cry of pain, rubbing his fingers on his pant leg. When his hand came in view again, it held his Colt forty-four.

"Lift them slowly, Chacon," he said, "or I'll cut you in two!"

Chacon hesitated, and Cap shifted to cover both men. He had never taken such a chance in his life, and he never knew which side Stiles was on until the little gunman stepped over and disarmed the big outlaw. If Chacon had called Cap's bluff, Stiles probably would have helped him kill the Ranger.

Cap pulled a pair of handcuffs from the lining of his coat and ordered Stiles to put them on the outlaw. Then he backed to where his rifle was leaning against the mesquite tree, jerked down the lever and threw a cartridge into the chamber, and levelled the weapon, which was twice as effective as his forty-four.

"Billy," he snapped, "unbuckle your gun and let it fall on the ground."

Stiles started to protest. Cap pointed the rifle at him. Then Cap made the men move away from their weapons. He made no effort to pick them up.

"Saddle the horses, Billy," Cap ordered. "One wrong move, and I'll kill you."

Stiles rode in front as the procession started toward the border. He led Chacon's horse. The outlaw rode with his hands cuffed behind so he could not touch the reins. Cap brought up the rear, his rifle ready and six-gun loosely holstered. He kept to the hills to avoid contact with Rurales. He didn't breathe easy again until he had cut the border fence six miles west of Naco and ridden through.

He told Stiles to take the horses to Bisbee and keep his mouth shut, then boarded the train with his prisoner at Packard, a station a mile above the border near Colonel Greene's pastures. When Cap delivered Chacon to Jim Parks, the new sheriff of Graham County, the latter could hardly believe his eyes. It had been five years since Chacon broke jail at Solomonville, but so fresh in mind was his reputation as a killer that the sheriff handed Cap his gun before he stooped to clamp leg irons on the prisoner and slip shiny new cuffs on his wrists before removing Cap's old ones.

Chacon was promptly arraigned as an escaped criminal under sentence of death. On November 23, a little more than two months after Cap brought him back across the border, he died on the gallows, joking with his executioners.

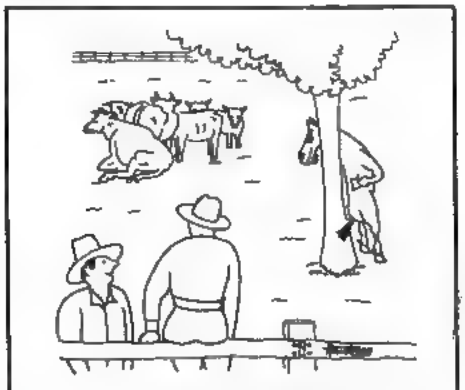
CAP was with Colonel Greene that day in New York at the Waldorf. He had returned to Bisbee by train the morning he delivered Chacon to Parks. He had done his duty to Arizona, but in doing it, he had kidnapped a Mexican citizen. Cap feared serious international complications. Colonel Greene had sent him numerous invitations, so Cap decided there was no better time to make himself scarce.

But things worked out all right for Cap. Burt Alvord went to Canada, then to Central America, and was never heard of again. Stiles, the only other witness to the kidnapping, was killed in a gambling casino in Nevada. Cap had $30,000 in the bank at Bisbee. He drew out a thousand and transferred the balance to a bank in Colorado, and went back to ranching in New Mexico.

He lives at Roswell in his seven-bedroom home. Eighty-nine and confined to a wheel-chair, he enjoys swapping yarns about the old times, but he would rather tell you of the humorous happenings in his life.

"I never wanted to kill a man," he says.

Although he long ago severed all contacts with Arizona, to him belongs the credit for organizing the state's first Rangers and the respect of all honest men for carrying the law into the desert and mesquite with a fearlessness unequalled by any officer of the old Southwest.



"He isn't a finished cutting horse, but watch him get to his cow without disturbing the herd."

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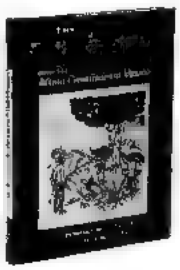

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The Wyatt Earp Burial Secret

(Continued from page 17)

"And you know."

"I'm not saying."

So King clammed up. He did say we might look down in Corona (Earp's folks used to live in Temescal Valley near where the present day brickyard is) or in Colton, San Bernardino County, the latter being his headquarters. So I wrote Mrs. Landin and told her to send someone on down there to take a look. Mrs. Landin wrote back that the Tombstone Restoration Commission must first locate the grave and then get hold of George Earp, a cousin, and get his permission to move the remains. But where was Earp?

I threw clay to an old board and soon had some semblance of Earp in the making, with King watching on and keeping his confounded silence about Earp's burial. I felt, as I worked, that he'd sooner or later let the cat out of the bag. So I no longer alluded to it but asked his advice on a likeness of Earp. King pointed out the old photograph of Wyatt which he said was a good likeness, and so I followed the bone structure and built up the head with his approval. This finally went on over to the Santa Rosa Bronze Foundry to be cast and put into metal.

"Funny thing," I said. "I do a statue of a guy and they don't know where his ashes are. You say they been hidden for almost 30 years?"

"What would you do if you owned a grave or plot and a famous man was buried next door? Would you want a lot of tourists trompin' over sacred ground, over your mother and sister and brother and father, for instance?"

"Oh, that's the reason for the secret."

"I expect. And I don't think Wyatt would want to be gawked at. He was a mild man and not one to stick out his chest and brag. All he wanted was to be left alone. The movies finally got hold of him, you know, and they had him in Hollywood with William S. Hart for advice on movies, and so on. He couldn't take too much of this, anymore than Wild Bill Hickok could plume and dandy across the stage for Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

"Wyatt was a real man. I saw him in action once or twice. Take that time he cleaned up the red lights of Oxnard, or the time he and I went out of Los Angeles in his old Franklin with a couple more deputies, up the Sawgust Grade, and on up onto the Mojave over near Joberg for the Borax people. It was in 1910, I believe.

"The surveyors had a little camp made and we got in toward evening in time for beans and coffee. Nobody paid any attention to the fact that Wyatt Earp was eating with them. You see, in them days a law officer was expected to do his duty, to kill a man if necessary, and he was only doing what was expected of him. No TV or movies to blow him up into a sort of hero or damned fool.

"AFTER supper, we saw a light off over the desert. Then it would disappear as the vehicle, or whatever it was got behind the shoulder of the mountain or an abutment. Then the light shone again and one of the surveyors said, 'must be one of them damned squatters or a bunch of 'em coming back to take a shot at us.'

"Earp says, 'Nobody ain't going to shoot you, boys, and so relax, eat your beans. They won't get in here

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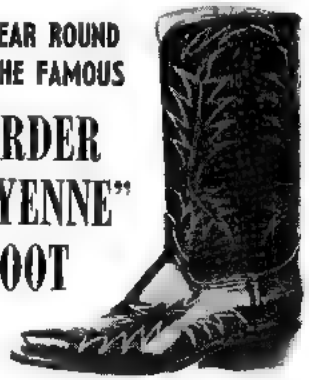

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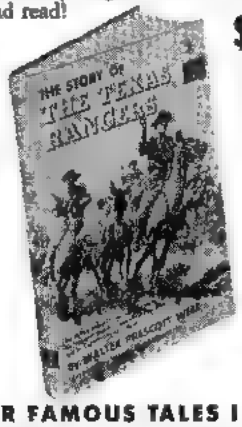

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until early tomorrow morning nohow. I don't think that distance is less than forty mile.'

"Earp didn't have on any gun. He was as naked as a jay-bird of firearms. His gun lay up in the old Franklin out some fifty feet from the camp fire. He lay out his blanket and sat down to pull off his boots.

" 'Going to sleep without your gun, Mr. Earp?' I asked.

"He said there was plenty of time—he wasn't a night talker at all—and he rolled over and went to sleep. About dawn, with the rosy glow on the desert mountains, he shook me, saying that them fellers was ridin' into camp. Now I could see as they came on that two lit from the wagon, driven by two mesquite mules, and that they had guns. Wyatt didn't go fetch his. He just let the wagon come on in and when the first feller got down he lit into Wyatt with a lot of cussing about the Borax people and said they would shoot the daylights out of the first man who tried to kick them off what was rightfully theirs.

" 'That's strong talk,' says Wyatt, and his eye started to twitch at the corner and his breathing got heavy. One of them fellows had walked up with a shotgun and stuck this in Earp's belly and pushed on it. This did it. Wyatt grabbed that gun and threw it down in the dirt swearing with as much color as any pirate. He said he hadn't had his breakfast yet and didn't want no gun in his empty belly.

"Says he, 'Now if you fellows want a fight I'll give you a fight, but if you want to cool off then I won't go for my gun up in the Franklin and you can sit yourselves down like gentlemen and have breakfast with us.'

"I cooked the breakfast and I'm sure when these fellows learned who it was they had threatened they were thankful to be alive. Had Earp gone up to his Franklin he would have killed them all. Not that he was fast with a gun but he was dead certain where he put a bullet."

KING could tell a good story, and I thought it high time to get to the bottom of Wyatt's burial, so I began by telling him that Mrs. Landin was up against it to find Earp's body. What good was this plaque without the marshal's ashes?

King told me he wasn't going to tell me. But the following afternoon he was back with a newspaper, *The San Francisco News*, dated Wednesday April 17, 1957, and done up in red ink appeared the following: "Wyatt Earp in San Francisco. Gunslinger comes to Town. Finds Romance by the Bay." And then it goes on to tell about Earp refereeing the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons fight over 60 years ago and how he met Josephine Marcus and married her. Earp died in Los Angeles on January 13, 1929, and was cremated and his ashes taken by his wife on July 8. She brought them to San Francisco and had them buried on the Marcus Plot at Hills of Eternity in a quiet family funeral. She died in Los Angeles in 1944, and her ashes were placed alongside those of her gun-slinger husband.

When I heard this I immediately took my son, Billy, and King and I went to San Francisco. We found a small stone in a forest of grave markers and monuments and the Hills of Eternity Cemetery. There lay Earp in a Jewish burial ground. But what struck me as queer was the fact that my family's doctor's people lay buried in the plot next to this!

"They all kept quiet for nearly 30 years," said King.

"I can see why now," I said. "Tourists would wear a path across this lawn a foot deep and trample the flowers and ruin this peaceful and beautiful spot."

WHEN Mrs. Edna Landin, President of the Tombstone Restoration Commission got word of where Wyatt was buried, she wrote me: "It is a coincidence, too, that just yesterday we received a picture of Wyatt Earp from his nearest living relative, first cousin, George Earp, aged 92 years young. It too shows the penetrating eyes to which you refer . . . . including the handlebar mustache which was prevalent when he made history in Tombstone . . . . I do not think that it would be right to move Mr. Earp's remains when he rests there with his wife. It is entirely up to George Earp as to whether Wyatt Earp's ashes are shipped to Tombstone so that all Americans can see him here."

I haven't seen my doctor yet. But when I do, I am going to either praise or denounce him for keeping a secret along with the Marcus family for 28 years.

Charlie Hawkinson, one of Jarbidge's 23 remaining inhabitants.

The Lost Sheepherder Mine

(Continued from page 9)

the little settlement of Steptoe, in White Pine County, Nevada, had been around mines and mining men all his life; and for a good share of his life he had been hearing tales of the Lost Sheepherder. Whenever he had been in the general locale of the mine, he had kept his eyes open. Even on this occasion—cold as it was—he was watching for color and formation.

Reaching the banks of the Jarbidge River, Bourne and his wife and their weary team turned down the stream and followed it to a point nine miles from the Idaho line, where they were suddenly confronted by what was later described as "a bluff of great height with gold in every line."

Due to the extreme isolation of the Jarbidge River country, even Bourne's miraculous strike did not have the effect of starting an immediate stampede. As late as the fall of 1909, only six or seven men were prospecting in the district, but with the opening months of 1910, the full thrust of excitement hit the newspapers of Elko and Twin Falls.

Some of the Bourne assays, it was reported, were running to the fabulous figure of $73,000 in gold to the ton of ore!

"Before I had dug a hole ten feet deep in the property . . . I had been offered

$2,000,000!" said Bourne in an "exclusive" interview published by a Los Angeles newspaper. "Then I was given a chance to sell 100,000 shares for $1,000,000. But as there is ore valued at $27,000,000 in sight, I am not selling!"

With this excitement, the story of the Lost Sheepherder mine was revived; and while it had been Bourne's original thought that his discovery and that made by Ross were one and the same, when he and others had time to analyze the two strikes, it was realized that Bourne's mine could not possibly be the Sheepherder—that the Sheepherder must have been five or more miles distant, and much higher on the range.

With the Bourne strike transcending anything men had hoped from the Sheepherder, the story of the old mine gradually slipped into the limbo of ancient history.

JARBIDGE developed rapidly as a town. February, 1910, found 500 persons in camp, and supplies of all sorts were scarce and exorbitant in cost. Most of the buildings in camp, as a result, had been constructed of pine logs; but seven of the business houses were built of dressed lumber brought in on burro back over virtually perpendicular miles.

Time marched on. New mines were discovered and existing mines developed. But still the matter of inaccessibility remained. As late as 1917, with practically every hamlet in the United States linked by fast rail communication and all-weather highways, Jarbidge was still clinging to its precarious perch in the snowiest corner of Nevada's attic. Nearest rail connection was Rogerson, Idaho, and throughout the winter months, citizens of Jarbidge having business at Elko, their county seat, necessarily made the trip by way of Pocatello, Idaho, and Ogden, Utah!

Among men and women still living at Jarbidge are several who still recall those early days of isolation and hardship. One who remembers is Charlie Hawkinson, who came to Jarbidge with a pair of pack burros, in 1912, and has continued to live there through forty-five years of ups and downs.

Charlie saw electric power brought to Jarbidge from a distance of eighty miles, and a wagon road opened through to Deeth, on the Southern Pacific. He saw the Guggenheim interests move in; saw a newspaper established, and a Chamber of Commerce; saw the town rise to 3,000 inhabitants, and spiral into fame as the greatest gold producing camp of that day in the State of Nevada.

And Charlie stayed on to see the big mines closed down in 1942 by War Production Board order, after the camp had assertedly produced between $50,000,000 and $60,000,000 in ore. With the major mines inoperative, the population trickled away; stores, hotels, and business houses closed; tunnels and mills collapsed . . . and Jarbidge became just another Nevada ghosttown with less than two dozen inhabitants remaining to hold the fort.

It is these old-timers who still tell of the Lost Sheepherder Mine. Like nearly all lost mine stories, that of the Sheepherder has several versions; but on one point men of the Jarbidge country are agreed—the mine has never been found since Ishman covered the outcrop with brush and hid all evidences of his labors. Therefore, it follows that the mine must still be "lost," somewhere in the mountains to the northeast of Jarbidge; and

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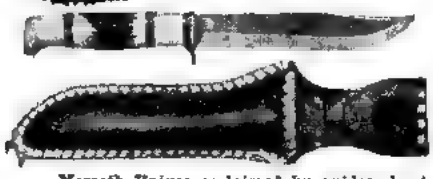

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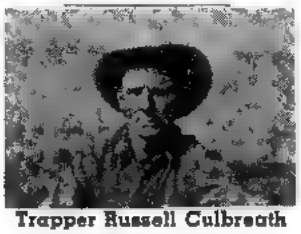
that somewhere on the mountain below the mine must rest the skeleton from which Ishman removed the skull that for many years stared silently and vacantly from the fireplace mantel in the Pence Ranch home. On these particulars Men of the Pine Bench Brigade are in general accord . . . but you'll listen a long while, partner, before you'll find two old-timers who have the same ideas concerning the identity of that skeleton!

WHO had been its flesh-and-blood proprietor? If the skeleton had been there when Ross left his tools as markers, wouldn't he have mentioned its presence to Ishman—considering the fact that he had seen fit to confide other pertinent details? Unless, of course, the skeleton had been that of an unmentioned partner of Ross, whom Ross had slain before leaving the scene. But if he had murdered the man, would he have deliberately turned suspicion toward himself by dangling the lure of golden treasure before the sheepherder? Or had the skeleton, perhaps, been that of Ross, himself? If so, why had he returned to the outcropping after telling its location to Ishman? Or had Ishman's story of his conversation with Ross been pure fabrication? And if it *was* the skeleton of Ross, then who had slain him—Ishman, or some other?

These are a few of the questions that old-timers of Jarbidge mull over on calm summer evenings as they sit in the soft moonlight on the steps of their log cabins.

But after sixty-odd years of being mulled over, and argued, and debated, and discussed, the mystery of the skeleton is no nearer solution today than at the hour of the camptender's death. Like the location of the Lost Sheepherder Mine, the key to the puzzle was known only to Ross and possibly to Ishman . . and it was a key those men carried to their graves.



Trapper Russell Culbreath

Battle in the Night

(Continued from page 15)

leaving their tracks around the outer edge of the bloody battleground. A fox trotted up and sat behind a greasewood bush at a safe distance from the fracas, leaving the imprint of his haunches in the sand. A porcupine came, hesitated, and moved on, figuring, no doubt, that this was none of his business.

The battle still raged when the moon slid over the skyline, bathing the scene in its cold light.

The free cub sat well back from the fight, terrified and shivering. Then the battle suddenly surged toward the other, the trapped cub, writhing and helpless to escape. Smothered under the big bodies of his mother and the great black bear, the trapped cub was literally torn to pieces as the bear and lioness fought, leaving only skin, scraps of torn flesh, and broken bones to show where he had been.

Locked together now, the mother lion and the bear rolled over the ground, spewing sand and uprooted cactus into the air with clawing paws that gripped and pushed into the earth while trying for better leverage.

Suddenly they broke apart. Struggling to his feet, the bear turned to leave. He had enough. But foolishly, the mother lion, enraged beyond all caution, leaped again and knocked the bear a full six feet where he rolled over several times with the furious lioness clutching tight to his back.

Writhing and gasping for breath, the bear came out from under the lighter predator, his roar of rage shattering the still desert air.

In turn, the mother lion was flung to her back and 300 pounds of bear bore her into the sand, as the black battler sought to sink hard fangs into her throat.

The cat's breath was coming in strangled jerks. Her antagonist was wearing her down. Under his heavy woolly bulk she must have realized she could die like the trapped cub, for she began to struggle, apparently, for release and escape.

Flat on her back, she drew her hind legs toward her chin. Unsheathing wicked two-inch claws to their full curved length, she dug hard into the bear's soft fur, raking down bruin's flanks as far as she could stretch. Hide came off the bear's sides in long strips. The lioness had often used less power to disembowel a calf, and now, though the old bear was woolly and tough, these scimitar-like weapons, backed by the full tug of the cougar's powerful muscles, brought a howl of agony from his throat.

Weary with the battle and weakened from loss of blood, the big black rolled off the lioness and lumbered to his feet. Released, the cat leaped away and headed for the creek bottom in great bounds, her surviving cub following her flight.

The bear lay still for a long time after the cougars had left. Then he stretched full-length on the sand, relaxing, and trying to staunch the flow of blood from his many wounds.

At last he staggered to his feet. Back in his one-track mind was a memory of the dead calf, and he lumbered over to it. Circling the kill several times, he dragged it off into the underbrush, away from the creek bed, only to abandon the booty he had fought for some hundred yards beyond its original location, his waning strength apparently inadequate to the task of carrying its weight farther. Having dropped the calf, he then continued his way into the wilderness, leaving a bloody trail behind.

AFTER fitting together the pieces of this puzzle, trapper Culbreath and his Apache companion decided there was an even chance that the lioness, too hurt to forage in the usual way, might return to the dead calf when hunger gripped her. So they re-set the trap beside the mauled calf's carcass and left it.

But, surprisingly, it was the big black bear who returned to the kill that night, planting a paw squarely on the pan of the trap. And there they found him next day, badly wounded, crouched and snarling defiance, his little eyes red with hate and pain.

A .22 bullet from Culbreath's gun put an end to the bear's discomfort, and wrote "finis" to a true wildlife drama—a drama written on the desert floor in a code that only a Culbreath, or an Apache Indian, could have translated into language understandable to you, or to me.

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E TRONIC RE HIBITED

A Cactus Saddle

(Continued from page 27)

cavvy pounded along at Chesty's heels. That little chestnut horse wasn't long-legged, but he was stretching out like a thoroughbred there in the dark to stay ahead of that thundering cavvy. Man, it was like we was leading a cavalry charge!

Pretty soon we gained some ground, and the cavvy dropped back a little. I chanced a quick look back. I could just make out a tiny glimmer of light that was the lantern on the cook-tent. It must have been two or three miles behind us, so we was better than halfway to the divide. The horses was heading for high ground, following their instinct to get away from dangerous low land during a storm.

THEY settled down to a steady lope behind us. Another couple of miles put us on the side of a hill, climbing. The cavvy slowed to a trot, and finally to a walk. Still, I had a little trouble getting them to stop. The older horses were willing to stop and graze, but the young horses was still nerved up. Every minute or so, a horse would raise his head and nicker for his own special pal. His pal would answer, and all would be quiet for a bit.

Half an hour crawled by. The young horses quieted down and began to graze. I figured they was all through running for the night, but I didn't relax much. Lightning still flashed and there were a few spits of rain now and then. Once or twice I spotted the faint glimmer of light that was the cook-house lantern. It sure was a welcome sight, cause I hated to think of getting lost.

I'd smoked two cigarettes and got my jangled nerves calmed down a mite when all hell busted loose again. I never knew what started them that time. They just broke and run, heading for the top of the hill.

I was on the uphill side of them when they started, so I jumped Chesty out fast and was still in the lead when we hit the top of the divide. They was travelling just as fast and panicky as they had been the first time. I don't know how Chesty stood the pace or how he managed to keep his feet. We seemed to be on a well-worn trail, smack on top of a badlands hogback. By flashes of lightning I could see we was in plenty rough territory and it scared me worse than if I couldn't a-seen it at all. The lead horse in the cavvy had his nose right on Chesty's tail, so I knowed damn well I wouldn't have as much chance as a snowball in hell if Chesty stumbled. What scared me even more was the fact that I was lost in strange country.

The lead horse dropped back and the cavvy settled into a steady lope. Chesty heaved a sort of sigh of relief and slowed down, too. I was getting kind of groggy by now, but I could feel a difference in the bunch of horses following us. Then I could hear horses going off down a side trail.

I pulled around and tried to herd the ones still following us off the side of the hill with the others. They kept slipping by me. I figured most of them had followed the side trail, so I decided to follow *them* and let the others go. I was still figuring on getting back to camp with most of the cavvy, even though I didn't know where camp was.

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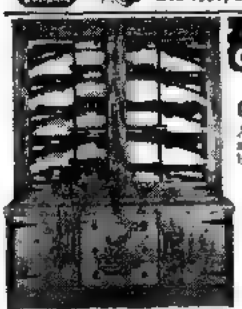

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ALL I could do was to follow where they led me till daylight. The horses settled into a jog-trot, on and on, through the roughs. Chesty jogged right along behind. The little horse was plumb tired, but he didn't quit. I'd stopped worrying about the sure-footed little cuss falling into a hole, and sort of loosened up my muscles

I wondered what time it was, but had no way of finding out in the dark. I kept wishing for daylight. Now that I wasn't scared any more I ached all over and felt that I'd been in that saddle all my life. I even felt like I might be riding that cactus saddle I'd bragged about.

The lightning finally quit, but the sky was still inky-black with only a few stars showing. The Big Dipper was hid, so I couldn't tell what direction I was following.

We finally got out of the roughs into some gently rolling hills just before sunup. I was plumb tickled to see dawn break. I discovered we was taking a northeasterly trail, and that we had less than a hundred head of horses. They was all quiet now and had slowed to a walk. I left them to graze, and headed for the top of a fairly high hill right near us.

From the top of the hill I scanned the country in all directions, hoping to spot some ranch buildings. About two miles down a creek sat a ranch, pretty as you please. I took a quick look at the horses. They was scattered out, grazing peacefully. We started off the hill for the ranch. Chesty seemed to sense where we was headed. He pricked up his ears and set off in a tight little jog.

There was a man at the well when we rode into the ranch. I croaked a "Good morning."

"You're out kind of early," he said. "Had breakfast?"

He handed me a rusty dipper of water. I gulped some of it, and it burned like hot coffee. My throat was so raw I couldn't drink much. I led Chesty over to the trough and let him sip a little water. I led him away from the trough before I explained to the rancher about the jackpot I was in.

"Son," he said, "you'd better come in and have some breakfast. You're a good twenty-five miles from your camp, as the crow flies."

I shook my head. "No, the boys need the horses. If it's only twenty-five miles, I can make it back by nine or ten o'clock —if you'll tell me which way to go"

WHEN I left the little ranch, my head was buzzing. I kept repeating the rancher's careful directions over to myself, to be sure I had 'em straight.

The next few hours were kind of hazy I headed the horses back along the divide on an old wagon road, but I must have dozed in the saddle. The horses took the wrong turn off the divide and headed down the creek, and I was following them.

About five miles down the creek we ran into a sheep camp. The herder told me I was on Lone Tree Creek, twenty-two miles from Stellar Reservoir. I'd sure messed up my estimated time schedule. I gave Chesty another sip of water, feeling pretty mean for not letting the game little horse drink his fill. But—if I wanted to get back to camp on him I didn't dare let him tank up. It was only about eight o'clock, but the heat was already bearing down. It was going to be another scorcher of a day.

Back along the divide we went, the slow-moving cavvy staying not too far ahead of Chesty. I didn't dare push him out of a walk. He had already given me all he had. He was so tired I felt plumb sorry for him. I figured he was ruined, burnt out.

I looked at the cavvy and thought, *if I could only catch me a fresh horse.* It would have to be a gentle one, though, or I'd never get the cavvy back to camp. My first loop would have to be a sure catch, because if I throwed once and missed, they'd never let me close enough to throw again.

My shoulder muscles was tired and prickly—good for one loop and that was about all. One of Sid's string, Fade Away, was fairly near me. He was grazing along as he walked. I got my loop ready and eased Chesty up, waiting for him to raise his head. Oh, that dirty b-----d, if only he'd had horns like a steer, it would have been a sure catch. As 'twas, he saw the loop coming and ducked his head.

I felt lower than a skunk in a badger burrow—and then Chesty pricked up his ears. The other horses was looking, too. There lay the camp, about five miles ahead of us, looking like an anthill on the flat. You could barely see it through the shimmering noon sun. And then, suddenly, right there beside me was one of the boys a-pounding me on the shoulders till I near fell out of the saddle.

I grinned at him and asked: "Jeff? Is he all right?"

"Sure, he stayed at camp when the stampede started. He gathered quite a bunch of the horses right around camp this morning. Sid's got all the boys out looking for you. I'll take the cavvy in and tell 'em you're safe. You take your time coming in. That Chesty's some horse, ain't he?"

I could only nod and grin. He let out a whoop and went fogging off the hill toward camp with the cavvy. I nursed Chesty along, until, a long time later, I heard old George hollering at me. He was standing in front of the cook-tent, grinning and waving the coffee-pot.

"You're late for dinner, boy! Don't you know it's nigh onto two o'clock?"

Nothing this side of heaven will ever taste as good again as that first cup of coffee!

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 23)

dren. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life.

"Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

When Colonel Gibson went back to Williamsburg, the capital of the Virginia colony, he carried with him his copy of Logan's speech. Virginia was touched to its sentimental heart by the speech. Scholars compared it favorably with the lofty utterances of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Clergymen remarked its startling similarity in style to certain passages in the Bible. Cultured maidens, gracing Williamsburg drawing-rooms, wept daintily while reading of the noble chieftain's sorrow for his murdered family. For a time there was much high-sounding talk of restitution among the elegant officials of the

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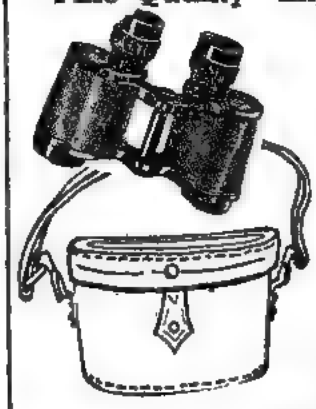

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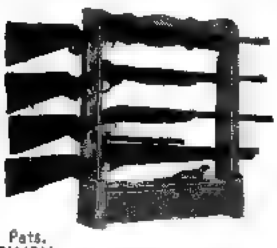

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Crown, but nothing came of it. The Revolution was at hand, and Virginia's aristocratic Governor, Lord Dunmore, had other and more pressing matters to occupy his attention.

Heartbroken, Logan wandered aimlessly among the tribes. He took to rum in a vain effort to forget. As the lonely years passed, the memory-haunted chief became delirious at times. In the autumn of 1780, he struck his wife unconscious during one of his violent seizures. Fearing that he had killed her, he fled into the forest pursued by his wife's infuriated relatives. Tod-kah-dos, a nephew, shot Logan from his horse and left his body lying in the trail for friendly Wyandot warriors to bury the next morning.

The Logan legend has expanded with the decades since his death. He has been eulogized in song and story and poetry, most of it sickeningly mawkish and shamelessly imaginative. In 1852, an impressive stone monument was erected to the unhappy chief's memory in a cemetery at Logan's birthplace, Auburn, New York. Good taste prevailed at the last, for on the base of the monument is inscribed the murdered warrior's own poignant words: "Who is there to mourn for Logan?"

MR. WHISKERS

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

WACO GRIMES—so called because he claimed that Texas city as his home—robbed a bank in the Big Bend district one day back in the 1890's. The Rangers from Marfa were soon on his trail, but Waco, badman and slick getaway artist, gave them the slip and headed for San Antonio.

Grimes had been lucky in the holdup—he got $5,000 in cash. That was enough to last him some time, at least long enough to hole up for a few months and plan another robbery.

At San Antone, Waco went to a small out-of-the-way hotel and rented an upstairs room. "I'll just stay here a few months and let my whiskers grow," Waco grinned to himself as he looked into the small mirror on the wall. "That banker in Marfa will never recognize me with a beard."

For months the outlaw didn't leave his room. He made arrangements with the hotel clerk to send food to him and other things he needed. A hefty tip served to seal the clerk's lips about the hotel's queer guest.

Finally Waco decided the time was ripe to risk going out. His whiskers, black and long, would be a perfect disguise. His hair, grown almost to shoulder-length, completed the disguise.

Right after dark Waco left his room and started down the street. His uncouth appearance attracted plenty of attention, but people seemed to be more amused than anything else. Nobody identified him as Waco Grimes, the bank robber.

Then came the real test, for just ahead two Rangers leaned against a building keenly watching the passers-by. Waco steadied his jumping nerves and walked slowly toward them. He recognized both officers, and also knew that they had seen him many times—without whiskers.

Waco got past the Rangers without incident, and started walking a little faster. Suddenly one of the law men call-

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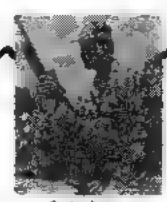

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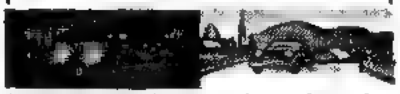

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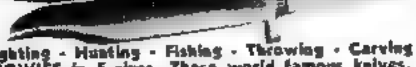

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ed out, "Mr. Whiskers! Hold it right there!"

Waco stopped, with his heart jolting his ribs. The Rangers came up to him, one on either side, and looked him over carefully.

"He's the man, all right," one said to the other. "The Louisiana authorities described him perfectly, whiskers and all." To Waco, he said crisply, "Okay, boy. Let's go!"

"What you want me for, anyhow?" Grimes asked with what he hoped was a disarmingly casual air.

"Murder! You'll swing for this job, Whiskers!"

"But I just robbed a bank," Waco protested.

"You killed the sheriff in that Louisiana town after robbing the bank; they called you The Whiskered Bandit. Come on, you're going to Baton Rouge tonight to face murder charges."

Waco was taken to Louisiana and identified as the killer of the sheriff. But Grimes got a break; he shaved off his whiskers and got the banker at Marfa to take a look at him. The banker positively identified him as the man who had held him up.

Waco was convicted of bank robbery and sent to prison for a long term. He went grinning, happy to serve time for robbery in Texas instead of stretching hemp for murder in Louisiana.

County Seat War

(Continued from page 22)

sidewalk as his comrades dragged him, unconscious, from the courthouse.

Ironically, it was Asa Soule's waterless Eureka Canal which saved the retreating Ingalls army. The banks of that former Soule fiasco cut the edge of town near the courthouse, and the Ingalls Irregulars floundered into the dusty ditch before the guns of the aroused Cimarron citizenry cut them to pieces.

Reicheldeffer had meanwhile recovered control of his stampeding horses. Although weak and shaken from shock and loss of blood, he managed to bring the wagon to the canal where the Dodge gunmen were beleaguered. All struggled aboard and Fred Singer, taking the reins from the fainting driver, lashed the team into a gallop.

Cimarron horsemen pressed the retreating army and Tilghman, Watson, and Allensworth piled county ledgers at the rear of the wagon as improvised bulwarks. Bullets thudded into the heavy legal volumes until the careening dray reached the outskirts of Ingalls. There the Cimarron men gave up the chase.

Asa T. Soule had his court records, a little war-scarred and blood-spattered perhaps, but almost intact. Meanwhile, however, three of his mercenaries were still carrying on his war back in Cimarron.

WHEN the wagon pulled out and left them stranded on the second floor of the courthouse, Neal Brown and the Masterson brothers settled down for a siege. All had been through many rough spots before and displayed no panic in the face of their predicament. They had a well-fortified position, two smoothly operating six-guns apiece, and plenty of ammunition in their cartridge belts. They were prepared to hold off the irate citizens of Cimarron for some time. All three were professional gamblers and with the traditional stoic calm of gamblers they waited for a break in their favor.

They knew that they could not surrender to the Cimarron townspeople just then. The local residents were wrought up enough to hold a lynching. Who could blame them? The court records, the symbols of the county government that they so coveted, had been stolen right out from under their noses. Moreover, the gunfire of the Ingalls raiders had not been without effect. The besieged gunmen had seen several defenders go down. They did not know it yet, but J. W. "Will" English, one of Cimarron's most popular citizens, lay dead. Ed Fairhurst and Jack Bliss were severely wounded and Asa Harrington had a thumb shot off. Another defender, taking off his hat after the gun battle, had found a bullet hole through the crown and a clipped lock of hair inside.

All day long Brown and the Mastersons kept possession of the courthouse. Once a group of brave souls tried to rush them; they got only as far as the stairway before a fusillade of shots from the second floor drove them back. Later a ladder was run up to a rear window but Jim Masterson simply kicked it away. Infuriated, the Cimarron men downstairs blasted away blindly through the ceiling, riddling the second floor. Brown and the Mastersons hopped nimbly to the top of the big county safe and waited out the barrage.

None of the two hundred armed and angry men surrounding the building seemed able to devise a method of dislodging the Dodge City gunfighters. A long night followed in which both sides kept a tense vigil.

In the first light of a new morning, Jake Shoup, a Cimarron spokesman, stepped out into the street with a white flag of truce. "Masterson," he called, "I want to talk."

"Make your talk," Jim Masterson shouted back. "We're listening."

Shoup said that if the three would come down peaceably they would be escorted to the train for Ingalls.

"We ain't giving up our guns," Jim warned.

Shoup shrugged. "You can keep them. We just want you to clear out."

AFTER a council of war the Dodge City men decided to accept the offer. They emerged warily from their fortress, six-guns in their hands, eyes alert for the first sign of treachery. An escort of grim-faced men fell in behind them as

they walked to the Santa Fe depot. The warriors of both factions stood tense and silent while they awaited the arrival of the west-bound train. Finally it pulled in and the Dodge City gunmen stepped aboard under the malevolent gaze of the Cimarron guards.

Neal Brown and the Masterson brothers had undoubtedly been greatly surprised by the unexpected generosity of the Cimarron townsmen in allowing them to leave. They later learned the reason for that apparent gesture of magnanimity. Bat Masterson, who in 1889 was running the Palace Theatre and Gambling Parlors in Denver, had gotten the story of the Battle of Cimarron over the press wire from the *Kansas City Star*. He had immediately dispatched a telegram to Jake Shoup in Cimarron to the effect that if his brothers were not permitted to leave the town unharmed, he would personally hire a train and come in from Colorado with enough gunslingers to wipe Cimarron off the map of Kansas. The people of southwest Kansas in the 1880's knew Bat Masterson and knew he meant what he said. His brothers were allowed to go.

That same day the governor of Kansas dispatched a contingent of state militia to maintain order in Gray County and, although hatred and bitterness between the citizens of the rival towns was undiminished, there was no further bloodshed.

The *New York Tribune* made editorial note of the Battle of Cimarron:

"The news that another county seat war has broken out in Kansas has found its way to New York by telegraph. Kansas is again in the saddle. Once more the four mule team is attached to one of the courthouses and is going across the prairie at a fast trot.

"The existence of the western Kansas courthouse is at best transitory and uncertain. The golden morning sunlight floods it in Pottawatomie City, but its lengthening evening shadow falls across the streets of Little Paradise Valley. One day the stray swine of Occidental City seek its hospitable shade; the next, some predatory calf in Big Stranger butts open the back door and eats a deed and two mortgages while the registrar is taking a nap. Today we mark it in Grand Junction with a new front door painted yellow, and the gable end blown off by the last tornado, but tonight a band of determined men will come from Rattlesnake Crossing and haul it away with a yoke of oxen, with the mayor and city council of Rattlesnake pushing on the end of the courthouse. The Kansas court house is the Wandering Jew among public institutions."

But the last of the bloody Kansas county seat wars was over. Mr. Hops Bitters Soule had his court records and Ingalls its county seat. Six months later tempers had cooled sufficiently for a trial to be held in the matter of the death of J. W. English. On June 10, 1889, Newt Watson, Fred Singer, Billy Allensworth, Ben Daniels, Neal Brown, and Jim Masterson stood trial for the murder of English and were acquitted. In 1893, another election was held to determine the rightful county seat, and Cimarron was returned the undisputed winner.

By that time, however, the people of western Kansas had learned that a town did not grow and prosper merely because it held the seat of county government. No one cared much, therefore, when the records were moved from Ingalls back to Cimarron again.

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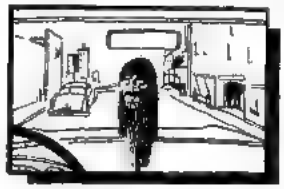

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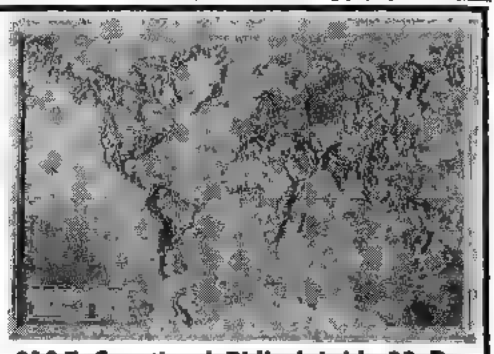

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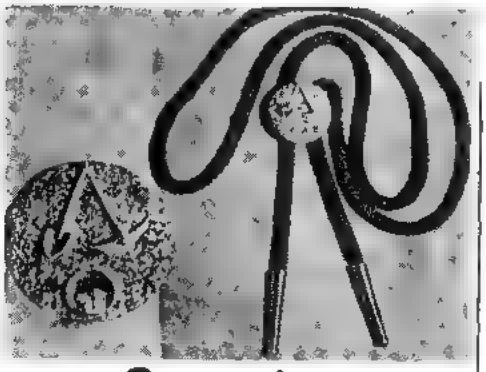

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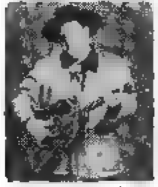

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE WAR

In VIOLENCE IN LINCOLN COUNTY, 1869-1881 (University of New Mexico Press, $6) author William A. Keleher has accomplished the impossible. He has written a book about the troubles in Lincoln County, New Mexico, that is not dominated by the legends of Billy the Kid. This is the book that the late Colonel Maurice G. Fulton, premier Billy the Kid scholar, always intended to write—several years ago he told this reviewer that every time he thought he was ready to write a definitive history of the Lincoln County War the Kid interfered. There was always some new Kid "fact" to run down—another old-timer to interview, a "lost" diary to examine, or misplaced court records that had to be found.

Will Keleher, attorney, historian, book collector and author of two of the most sought for modern New Mexico books, THE FABULOUS FRONTIER (Santa Fe, 1945) and MAXWELL LAND GRANT (Santa Fe, 1942) is made of sterner stuff. If he was ever tempted to desert history for the trail of that will-o'wisp, the Kid, it is not apparent. Not that he neglected Billy—rather he put him in his place and that was not a very important one until late in the period of this history.

This is a documented, annotated account that is also highly readable. Through its pages march the principals of the drama—Governors Axtell and Wallace, Major Emil Fritz, John Chisum, Alex McSween, Thomas Catron, Colonel Dudley, Major Lawrence Murphy and his partners James Dolan and John Riley, Sheriff Brady and others prominent in the New Mexico of that day. Pat Garrett, John Poe, and the Kid have their moments in the limelight.

The biographical sketches of the major and minor participants add much to the enjoyment and understanding of the events. There is a frontispiece by Ernest Blumenschien, dean of the Taos artists, several photographs and an adequate index. Factual, objective and definitely worthwhile.

NEBRASKA ROUNDUP

ROUNDUP—A NEBRASKA READER (University of Nebraska Press, $5) compiled and edited by Virginia Faulkner, has nearly 500 pages on the illustrious events that comprise Nebraska's history. There are about 90 separate features by almost as many authors. Several items are by Nebraska's three famous ladies of letters—Willa Cather, Mari Sandoz and Bess Streeter Aldrich. Several visiting notables also contributed—Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, Emily Post, Lucius Beebe, John Gunther and others.

ROUNDUP is not an exhaustive Nebraska history but there's plenty to give you an intimate picture of the past. The early transcontinental pathway lay along the Platte valley and travelers from the civilized East going to the barbaric West often made dramatic history as they passed through.

The volume presents accounts of the pony express, cattle drives and cattle towns, Indians, horse thieves, necktie parties, soddies, pioneer settlement, George Norris (the reclamation Senator), William Jennings Bryan, the Sandhills, and numerous other features that will sharpen your interest in Nebraska.

MONTANA'S OWN

CHARLES M. RUSSELL, COWBOY ARTIST (Twayne, $4) is the title of a new biography of the famous artist by his nephew, Austin Russell. This is not the long-awaited definitive biography of Russell, but a simple, straight-forward account of some of the incidents in his life between 1904 and 1916 as remembered by the young nephew. Austin lived in Russell's home in Great Falls and vacationed with the family and other more famous visitors at Bullhead Lodge on Lake McDonald.

As a member of Charlie's family from his home town, St. Louis, the author was naturally familiar with the Russell family's history and many of these interesting details are published here for the first time. The book is also as much about Russell's friends as it is about the artist himself. There are entertaining details about many of them, from Charlie's roisterous companions of cow-punching days to such New York artists as Marchand, Krieghoff, Goodwin, Schuerle and Young-Hunter who came west to spend the summer with him.

Perhaps the main charm of this biography of Russell's is its unpretentiousness. If the author was impressed with the fame of his illustrious uncle, there is little evidence of it and there is none of the sugary writing that has characterized the work of some authors on this subject.

INDIANS

THE INDIAN TIPI (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95) by Reginald and Gladys Laubin is the first comprehensive account of the history, construction and use of this conical skin tent of the Plains Indians. It is illustrated with numerous drawings and with some good photographs including two in color. There is a foreword by Stanley Vestal, Oklahoma's foremost literary man and a long-time Tipi enthusiast. And there is a map showing the distribution of the Tipi by types (three or four-pole) and a good bibliography. This is a fine scholarly job that is also entertaining.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN THEN AND NOW (Naylor ($2.50) by Gertrude M. Golden is a thin book of only 86 pages but is worth the money. There are brief and interesting accounts of the culture of the prehistoric Indians of Mexico and Central America—Maya, Aztecs and Toltecs—and of the Incas of Peru. The chief value of the book, however, is in the chapters about Dr. Albert M. Wigglesworth, pioneer among the Navajos; Chee Dodge, three times Chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council beginning in 1923 (this reviewer met him in Gallup in 1925 and found him to be a dedicated and impressive leader of his people); and The Navajo Indian Blanket.

THE MOUNTIES

THE LIVING LEGEND (Little, Brown, $4) by Alan Phillips is the story of Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The matter-of-fact style is most satisfying as it would be easy to over-dramatize the feats of the Mounties. This book tells how the force is recruited, trained, and tested and does so without being academic. It is full of incidents about the varied work of the RCMP of the present day. The force is unique in that it constitutes the federal, provincial (rural), municipal and frontier police of Canada. By contract the Mounties serve all the provinces except Ontario and Quebec. They police 126 small cities and towns and they are the only law in the lonely North. However, it is as a federal force that the full scope of their responsibility becomes apparent—the Mounties are the Secret Service, the G men, the T men, the U. S. Coast Guard, the Texas Rangers and the Scotland Yard of Canada. In addition, the red-coated Mounties rival Niagara Falls as a tourist attraction. The book isn't illustrated and this is a pity for otherwise it is tops.

IDAHO'S DESERT

OWYHEE, LIFE OF A NORTHERN DESERT (Caxton, $5) by Earl J. Larrison is a scientific story written in conversational style about the Owyhee Desert of southwestern Idaho. Larrison, an ecologist, has interpreted the desert in words, almost as effectively as Walt Disney exploited it on film. He studied the Owyhee for parts of five years, giving particular attention to the activities of wildlife. The desert is far from deserted, he says, because there is hardly a square yard of the country but what is crisscrossed with small or large animal trails. The vegetation is well described—the causes and effects of range deteriorations are logically and fairly presented. This is a friendly penetrating account of a little known land.

TEX-MEX

MESQUITE AND WILLOW (Southern Methodist University Press, $4) is the 27th publication of the Texas Folklore Society. The book was ably edited by Mody Boatright, Wilson Hudson, and Allen Maxwell. The title of the book symbolizes the existence side by side of two folklores in Texas—English (willow) and Mexican (mesquite). After a time it is not always easy to separate them. J. Frank Dobie tells a tale he heard in Mexico which he admits may be from Uncle Remus—it is purely wonderful. Stith Thompson, Dean of American folklorists, Mody Boatright and Brownie McNeil are among the other writers represented. Definitely recommended.

PEOPLE AND PLOTS ON THE RIO GRANDE (Naylor, $3.75) by Virgil N. Lott and Virginia M. Fenwick debunks many of Texas' Magic Valley tourists-pleasing legends. Cameron, Hidalgo and Starr Counties in the Southwest tip of the State have long been the meeting place of the Mexican and Anglo-Saxon cultures and myths. This reviewer spent three years in the Valley in the twenties and heard many of the tales which are punctured in this book as a result of the research by the authors. This is an entertaining book even if it is somewhat disappointing to learn that there is no Lee House at Fort Ringgold, that Penitas is not the oldest European colony north of the Rio Grande, and that various heroes had feet of clay. If you *think* you know, you had better read this book.

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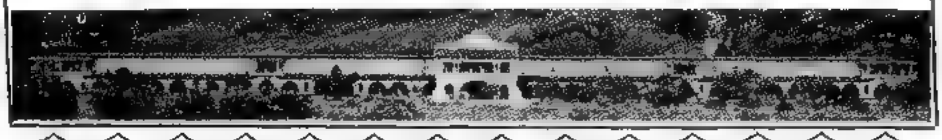

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 3)

death was pneumonia. Mrs. Bill (Pearl) Potts, 110 No. Tisdale St., Buffalo, Wyoming.

Dear Blanche Lovern:

While reading my June '57 *True West*, I noted your letter. When I saw the names of many of my old friends of 40 years ago, I just had to write you.

I am 67 years old and originally from Montana, having ranched in central Montana most of my life.

I lived in Culver City and Hollywood from 1922 to 1931. Charlie Mulhall, Yakima Kunutt, Hoot Gibson, Tim McCoy, and several more of us used to work in silent pictures now and then with Will Rogers, Tom Mix, Bill Hart, Art Acord, Jack Hoxie, and others who arrived in Hollywood around the middle 1920's.

Not long ago I received a letter from Mrs. Tom Mix (Olive Stokes) whom I have known since she and Tom were married in Medora, North Dakota, in 1908.

Your name sounds very familiar, but I just can't place what you used to look like. About the old gang: Many of them have hit the last long trail into the sunset. Hugh Strickland and I drove from Hollywood to El Paso in 1928 to attend the rodeo and meet some of the old-timers. Charlie and Lucille Mulhall were there, also Mabel Strickland, Tom Threepersons, and others whose names I can't recall at the moment. After the rodeo, a bunch of us went with Bob Crosby to his ranch near Roswell, New Mexico, for a few days.

I saw "Booger Red" in Cheyenne about 20 years ago. We drove out to the old Charlie Erwin ranch and saw where they used to keep Old Steamboat, Hell Diver, Sun Fisher, Dynamite, Cyclone, and many more of the old-school bucking horses. . . .

Do you remember Sammy Garrett, Tommy Keenan, Johnnie Judd, Bonnie McCarroll, Ruth Roach, Jimmy Danks, Paddy Ryan, The South American Kid, Sharkey the Bull, The Belgrade Bull, and Old Blue, the famous roping horse? I saw them all in action. Many of those riders were in the ring long before the present-day chutes were invented. We just brought 'em out in front of the grandstand, got a teeth-hold on their ear, saddled 'em up and piled on. Sometimes the saddling process was more interesting than the ride!

How long have you lived in California? Did you know Tex Cooper, Tim McCoy, Emmett Dalton, Charlie Siringo, Yolache, the Yakima Indian singer? These hombres were living in Hollywood when I was there in the middle 1920's. . .

Leonard Stroud lives just four blocks from me here in Colorado Springs. Why don't you drop him a line for old times' sake? His address is 711 North Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs.

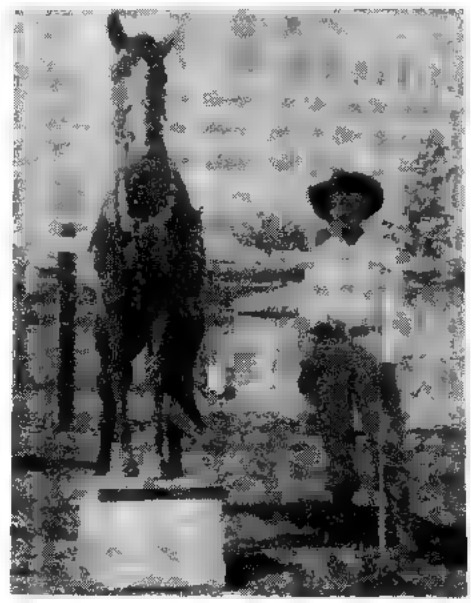
Other old-timers I have known are Chief Iron Eyes (Cherokee) and Clarence Ellsworth, who paints Western pictures for magazine covers. Iron Eyes appears in a lot of motion pictures. Both he and Ellsworth were pals of mine in the silent picture days.

A few words about me: I lecture at schools, colleges, clubs, societies, churches, etc, (gratis) on American Indian subjects. Also visit various Indian reservations studying early tribal music, languages, customs and ceremonial dances. I recently completed a book, which was published by the University of New Mexico Press (in 1956) entitled *Long Eagle, the White Sioux*. It is the true story of my life among the Sioux, and there is a good chance of its being made into a movie by one of the major Hollywood companies. I am now writing a second book.

Well, some day when you have time to spare, let me hear from you. Your old-timer friend.—Lone Eagle, 327 North Weber Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Dear Blanche Lovern:

I read your letter in TRUE WEST. I used to work on ranches such as Bill Stohie's 96 "Pitchfork" on Owl Creek in Wyoming; the Spear outfit at Lodge Grass, Montana, etc. Later I was a bronc rider; broke horses for Miller and Lux in Oregon. Then I followed the rodeos: Bozeman, Montana, Blackfoot, Miles City, Idaho Falls, Salt Lake City, etc. I knew most of the hands. . . .



R. C. Thaen and his trick horse, Shorty.

I enclose a picture of Shorty, my trick horse. He will sit down and eat at a table, roll a barrel, etc. The ol' cuss tried to buck me off today, but we understand each other pretty well. I sure was glad to hear from you, will write again.—R. C. Thaen, No. 3, Whitewright, Texas

"Killer Kid," As Seen By William V. Morrison

Dear Fred:

I have glanced through the article "Killer Kid," in the April issue of *True West*, by Norman B. Wiltsey.

It is too bad that he did not follow the legal records on this article. It is certainly disappointing to me to see that he apparently relied mostly on writings that carry no weight, historically speaking.

Of course, I am not implying that he did not perform actual research in New Mexico, but it is difficult to understand how he missed all of the actual facts and records.

For example: Children of all three Coe families still live there and can testify that George and Frank were not brothers and that they did not own a ranch jointly.

There can be no doubt that he (Wiltsey) follows Edwin Corle with the false statement that the military court mar-

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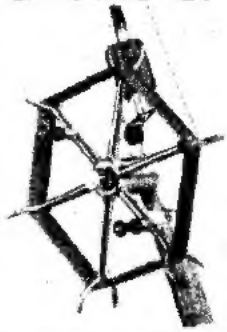

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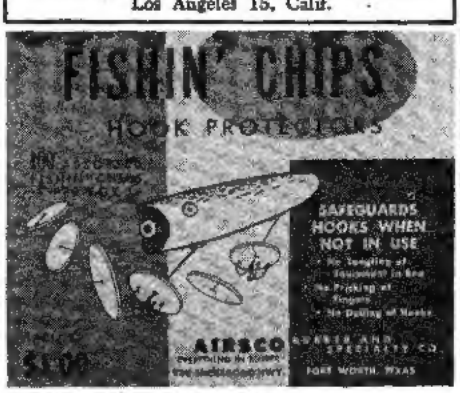

tial proceedings of Dudley were held in Fort Sumner. No writer, except Corle, could ever dream up such a detail.

Murphy did not charge Tunstall with McSween in that law suit, as I have the case file. This file along with all the court records is photographed on my microfilm which dispenses with citations to the records. This shows the actual signatures of the judges and attorneys on the pleadings and judgments.

Other discrepancies: The article changes the name of one of the Kid's attorneys. Billy Matthews could not have been a Clerk of the Circuit Court for the reason that no such office existed under New Mexico Jurisprudence. McSween did not appoint nor elect John Copeland sheriff, nor did Governor Axtell ever attempt such act. These appointments were made according to law. I read the records.

To continue: Murphy did not go to Santa Fe to present his case to Governor Axtell for the reasons that it was no longer Murphy's case, and he was not physically fit.

Dolan had taken over the business, and Murphy had left Lincoln before the occurrence of these happenings.

U.S. Commissioner Angel was not a Santa Fe official.

Knowing that you attempt to get the true facts for your fine magazine, the above has been called to your attention as constructive criticism.

I believe that my *Petition for Pardon*, copyrighted on 35mm Microfilm, will prove my above contentions.—William V. Morrison, 1312 Arizona Street, El Paso, Texas.

Here's the Big Secret!

Editor, TRUE WEST:

Psst! Wanna know a secret? After slicing Pat Garrett's bullet in two with a butcher knife and slapping both halves harmlessly aside, Billy the Kid escaped to New York State, had his teeth straightened, his mouth widened, and changed his name to Teddy Roosevelt. Mine is—Justin Case, 1118—9th St., Las Vegas, New Mexico.

'Copters To The Rescue!

"Cameron, La., July 3—A new type of roundup—by helicopter—has led to recovery of several hundred starving cattle in the storm-hit marshes of Cameron Parish, La.

"Airborne cowboys locate the stranded animals in the flat, water-logged marshes where Hurricane Audrey struck last week, then drive them to where they can be fed and watered.

"Two Texans are among the aerial cowboys—Jim Hensley of Laredo, Texas, and Jim Mead of Hitchcock.

"Hensley, a ranch foreman for multi-millionaire Houston oilman, John W. Mecom, used one of his employer's helicopters for the roundup, and Mead used another.

"The 'copter pilots have spotted more than 1,000 cattle. Some of them have to be lifted from bogs and other inaccessible places. The calves were lifted by rope slings attached to the undercarriages.

"Mead said he occasionally flew so low he could lean out and yell at the cattle to keep them moving.

" 'Now and then a few of them balk and we have trouble,' Mead said. 'There's an old Brahma cow that stood her ground for two days and just glared at me. I don't know how we are going to run her out.'

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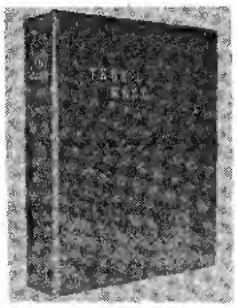

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P. O. Box 143 Roadhouse, Ill.

"It has been necessary in some instances to send marsh buggies and motorboats and wade in after the animals. Cowboys on horseback herd the cattle once they reach firm ground in an area north of Hackberry, La. They are being sheltered and fed there temporarily until their owners claim them."

Try a Lovelorn Column, Pete!

Howdy, Norm:

I understand as how you're a pretty savvy hombre, being research editor of TW, a magazine writer and what-all. Well, *mi amigo,* maybe you can answer this question for me: What in hell's gone wrong with the women these days? Damn if they ain't all getting bloodthirsty! Give a listen, pal, and I'll tell you what happened to me t'other night.

I was having a genteel argument with a girl-friend—none of your business what it was about—when suddenly she outs with a switch-blade knife and tries to jab me in the belly with it. Of course I took the frog-sticker away from her *muy pronto* and whacked her across the bottom till she apologized, but I was still damn scared. I can understand a high-spirited filly slapping me across the chops or even throwing a glass of beer in my face, but this knife stuff is too tough for me. Then yesterday I read a piece in the newspaper that ran like this:

"Take to the hills, men! The High Standard Mfg. Company of Connecticut announces a new line of snubnosed .22 caliber "feminine" revolvers in pink, turquoise, and blue with matching case. They are announced as "most fashionable for milady to discourage a burglar, a masher, rival, or philandering mate." The pink ones are doubtless for the boudoir, blue for traveling."

You know what? I'm going to drop this letter in the mailbox and take to the hills myself. And, *compadre,* if you can't come up with an answer to my question and a solution for this problem, you better fork a cayuse and join me!—Pedro Largo, Alpine, Texas.

Information Needed!

Dear Sir:

I am completing a book on the Alamo and wonder whether your readers know of anybody who might have old letters, papers, clippings, or even family legends that could throw new light on the story. Kindly address communications to me at 25 East 38 Street, New York 16, New York. Walter Lord.

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OKay—But Will You Back Our Draw?

FOR a long time you have asked that TRUE WEST be published monthly—THOUSANDS of you!—and now, by golly, you're demanding it! Okay, we're ready to make our first step. We realize, however, that there's a tough fight ahead, and we ain't aimin' to get belly-shot—so, for gosh sakes, folks, COME ON AND BACK OUR DRAW!

How can we make TRUE WEST monthly by bringing out a magazine called FRONTIER TIMES? That does need a little explaining.

You first readers—you know that we've shot straight with you on the status of TRUE WEST from the beginning. Remember those early editorials when we hardly knew whether or not we'd get out another issue? We told you so, and you stuck with us in spite of that doubt—or maybe because we laid our cards on the table and told you just how things were.

Well, we're telling you again . . .

TRUE WEST is in good shape. We pulled out of the "wobbly-legged calf" stage and are building up to a right healthy "little bull." But now you want it monthly, and, folks, that is SOME order for a small company! Most of you do not realize what making it monthly calls for. Outside of a frightening amount of cash (which we do not have!) it means doubling our work. For instance, say you have an eight hour day at the office. One day the boss says: "Tell you what—I'm gonna give you a cut in salary and double your work."

You see what I mean? Could you do it? You might, but you'd be a sorry sight in a couple of months! We would, too—but I think we've figured a way around it.

What we can do is keep TRUE WEST like it is and revive another magazine (FRONTIER TIMES, which was published for 33 years, then suspended and which we now own), make it quarterly and gradually ease it up to a bi-monthly. Why do this? Well, we need that extra time for each issue on the newsstands. This is vital. The percentage of extra sales that more time on the stands effects is enough to make or break. Also, the new subscriptions to FRONTIER TIMES will help us over that first big hurdle. Then the quarterly deal will allow us to ease into it, enlarge the office force gradually and slowly take up the shock.

On the other hand, making TRUE WEST monthly overnight would throw us into a state of chaos. It would even endanger the actual existence of the magazine. This other way, I think we can do it without much risk—IF YOU WILL BACK US AS YOU HAVE SO STRONGLY INDICATED!

In short, FRONTIER TIMES is actually TRUE WEST—we're just having to go in the back door to effect something you want. After a few issues, we'll come out bi-monthly. That will effect monthly publication—TRUE WEST one month, FRONTIER TIMES the next.

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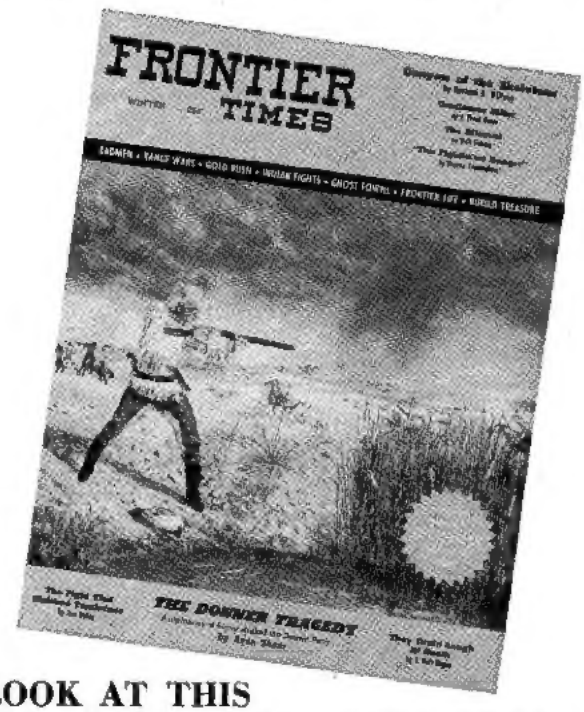
THE first four issues of TRUE WEST are gone. Two more become unavailable with this issue—Nos. 9 and 12. They'll all be going fast from now on. We have been offered $20.00 for one copy of an "all gone" issue already. So if you want to be sure to get this first issue of FRONTIER TIMES of the new series, fill in the blank below and get the job cinched now. TRUE WEST came out in 1953, and already the first four issues are very valuable. So make certain you start out right on FRONTIER TIMES.

Look at the line-up for our first issue. Every story came out of the TRUE WEST files and was picked as a headliner. If you miss our first issue of FRONTIER TIMES, you will, in effect, miss an issue of TRUE WEST. Also, you will have a collector's item sooner than you might think. Remember, you are not paying one cent more than if we were stepping up the issuance of TRUE WEST—you're just paying a bit sooner to make it possible for us to take the first step in giving you what you want—eventual monthly publication.

Make sure by filling out the blank at the right:



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